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THE MINISTER:

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A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,

Author of The Robbers, Don Carlos, &c.

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK.

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THE MINISTER

A TRAGEDY



TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY E. MILLER

Author of the German edition

BY M. G. LEWIS, M.P.

Author of the novel

THE MINISTER

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages contain a Translation of Schiller's "Cabale und Liebe." A Play calling itself a Version of that admired Tragedy has already appeared in England, but so extremely ill executed, and in so mutilated a condition, as to leave scarce a shadow of resemblance between the Original and the Copy. The Author has taken the liberty of omitting whole characters and scenes, and in several places has thought proper to substitute his own sentiments for Schiller's; an alteration by which the Piece is very far from gaining. — Lest the present Translation should be mistaken for the former, I have thought it right to change the Names both of the Characters and of the Play itself; in every other respect I have endeavoured to keep strictly to the Original: and when I offer my Translation to the Public, it gives me some confidence, to reflect that, although this second attempt may be as bad as the first, it is utterly impossible for it to be worse.

M. G. LEWIS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT ROSENBERG.

MARSHAL INGELHEIM.

CASIMIR.

WARBECK.

MUNSTER.

WALTER.

THE BARONESS AUGUSTA.

ELIZABETH MUNSTER.

JULIA.

CATHARINA.

SERVANTS, OFFICERS OF JUSTICE, &c.

The Scene lies in Brunswic.

**The Action is supposed to pass about the year
1580.**

M. C. LEWIS.

THE MINISTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Munster's House.

MUNSTER, ELIZABETH.

[Munster paces the apartment with a disordered air ; Elizabeth sits at work near a table.]

MUNSTER.
WIFE, wife, this shall go on no longer. The business becomes serious : my daughter's intimacy with the Baron will be noised abroad : my reputation will be ruined ; and then . . . in short, Casimir shall enter these doors no more.

ELIZABETH.
In the name of Heaven, why should his visits ruin your reputation ? What have you to do
B with

with the business? You enticed him not to your house: you threw not your daughter in his way.

MUNSTER.

I enticed him not to my house? I threw not my daughter in his way? If I say so, who will believe me? I should have been more wary of my daughter's conduct; I should have kept the Baron at a greater distance, or have instantly discovered the whole to his Excellence. I am conscious that Casimir will bring shame upon the damsel, and then the whole blame must fall upon me.

ELIZABETH.

Absurd! What blame can fall upon you? Who can reproach you? What have you done, but followed your profession quietly and industriously? You received scholars, when they were to be found; and if Rosenberg offered himself, it was not for you to reject him.

MUNSTER.

But only answer me, What advantages can arise from this connexion? Marry the girl he cannot: in truth, marriage is the thing least thought of in this affair; and if he means otherwise, God protect my Julia from his designs! I grant you, when such a butterfly flutters round sweet water, the glutton is ready enough to sip: but take heed! take heed! Though every hair on your head were an eye; though every blood-drop

in your veins were a sentinel ; yet would he find means to deceive your vigilance, to ruin the maiden, and forsake her when weary of his conquest. Then for the remainder of her days must my child be condemned to shame ; must pine away, consumed by remorse and the perfidy of her seducer ; or, accustoming herself to the trade he taught her, become familiar with prostitution, debauchery, and shame.—Christ Jesus ! grant me patience ! [*Striking his forehead.*]

ELIZABETH.

God protect us ! what passion !

MUNSTER.

We have need of his protection. What can be the end of your designs ? The Baron cannot fail to verify my predictions ; nor can I blame him if he does. He is young and impetuous ; the damsel is lovely and attractive ; and a man is but a man. This I know, and this I ought to guard against.

ELIZABETH.

If you would but read the letters which my Lord sends your daughter ! My God ! they shew clear as the noon-day sun, that he prizes her most for the excellence of her heart, and, though he cannot but dote upon her person, respects her innocence, her virtue, and her fame.

MUNSTER.

Right, right ! There lies the true path of se-

B 2

duction !

duction ! Lust after the flesh, but ever make the good simple heart your cloak, your go-between ! Proceed so far in honour, that the feelings of the soul become dull and intoxicated, the body will soon follow the example. The sensual appetites are awakened ; over-boiling passions destroy all sense of virtue ; the Platonic vision melts into nothing ; and the silver moon's lustre becomes a mere bawd.

ELIZABETH.

To be convinced of your injustice you need only read the books which Casimir has put into Julia's hands ;—the noblest sentiments, the purest morals——

MUNSTER.

Books, do you say ? Books ? Oh ! excellent seducer ! Your appetite is grown too pampered for the plain sins of nature : now they must be daintily dressed in the pestilential broth of sophistry ; nor can the body's shame suffice without the perdition of the soul. Away with the trash ! Thence are instilled into my child's mind fantastic visions, wanton thoughts, and enthusiasm false, seductive, and corrupting : these run like cantharides through her blood, and destroy that fair edifice of religion which it cost her old father so much time, so much trouble, to erect. Flames consume them ! After all her wandering in the paradise of fools, in vain will the girl endeavour to regain her proper station : she will no longer remember, or only remember
with

with blushes, that her father is a poor unknown musician : she will look with contempt on the blessings within her reach ; she will sigh after rank and splendour ; and when I shall propose to her an husband, worthy of her favour and in possession of mine, she will reject the offer with aversion and contempt. Yet thus it shall not be, by heaven ! I will instantly to the Baron ; I will speak to him with all the openness of indignant honesty ; I will throw myself at his feet ; I will gall him with reproaches ; I will soften him with my tears ; and if his heart be not more impenetrable than marble, he must yield to the remonstrances of an anxious, a doting father. [*Going.*]

ELIZABETH.

Be not so hasty, Munster ! Pr'ythee reflect on the advantages derived from this connexion. Are not the Baron's presents, the trinkets, the books, the jewels

MUNSTER.

[*Returning, and seizing her by the arm.*]

Are they not the price of my daughter's honour ? Shame on thee, bawd ! infamous bawd ! Eternal flame confound thee ! Sooner will I bear my harp on my old arms, and, plying from door to door, strike the once-admired chords at the table of villagers, my reward the coarse remnants of their unfavoury meal :—sooner will I wander through the world, infirm, helpless, and alone, exposing

my grey locks to all the inclemencies of humid mist and scorching sun-beams, than be nourished for one moment with the produce of that gold which buys from my only child her happiness in this world, her salvation in that to come. Fye, fye, Elizabeth ! Relinquish your perfumed chocolate, your luxurious feeding, your rich and glittering attire. Then shall you not find it needful to expose your daughter's honour to sale. For sixty good years has my establishment been reputable, my clothes plain but decent, my table plentiful though not expensive : during that period have I never thought it necessary to welcome a libertine to my doors.

ELIZABETH.

What violence of temper ! In a moment it bursts out in fire and flames ! You misunderstood me, Munster ; I meant that we must be cautious not to offend the Baron : remember that he is the Minister's son.

MUNSTER.

Woman ! woman ! that is the exact reason why this affair must finish instantly ; why he must separate from my daughter this very day. The Minister will thank me, if his sentiments are those of an honest man, of an affectionate father. Give me my cloak ; I hasten this moment to his Excellence. I will tell him plainly and openly, " Your son loves my daughter. She is not worthy " to be your son's wife, but she is too good to
" bo

"be his strumpet. That is sufficient.—My name
 "is Munster.—Let your son cross my threshold no
 "more."

SCENE II.

Munster, Elizabeth, Warbeck.

ELIZABETH.

Is it you, Master Secretary? What pleasure
 it gives me to see you in this house again!

WARBECK.

Pardon me, Madam: they who bask in a nobleman's favour can derive but little satisfaction from the attention of an inferior.

ELIZABETH.

You are mistaken, my good Secretary, if you suppose your friendship indifferent to us: 'tis true the protection of Baron Rosenberg makes us somewhat choice in our acquaintance, but we neglect not those with whom we have ever been upon terms of intimacy.

MUNSTER. [*Impatiently.*]

Elizabeth, give a chair. Will you not be seated, Secretary?

WARBECK.

[*Throwing off his cloak, and sitting down, while Elizabeth surveys him with a scornful air.*]

And how does my intended wife? for, in spite of what has happened, I still flatter myself with the

hopes of one day calling her mine. May I not see her?

ELIZABETH.

I am sorry that she cannot have that honour; she is not yet returned from mass.

WARBECK.

[*With an air of disbelief.*]

Is she so early in her devotions? Well, well, I am glad to hear it; they will teach her to be in love and charity with all men; and whenever she gives me her hand I shall have a truly pious Christian comfort.

ELIZABETH.

That you will, Master Secretary, that you will! But to say the truth

MUNSTER. [*Angrily.*]

Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH.

If our family can furnish you with any thing else than a wife, name your wish, and it shall be granted; but

WARBECK. [*Ironically.*]

Any thing else? You are too kind, Madam.

ELIZABETH.

But . . . as you must yourself be conscious

MUNSTER. [*Still more angrily.*]

Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH.

Though I formerly approved of a good match,
since

since a better presents itself, it is not for a mother to oppose the prosperity of her only child.—You do not attend to me, Master Secretary.

WARBECK. [*Uneasy.*]

Not attend to you? Oh! pardon me! I am very anxious I beg you will proceed.

ELIZABETH.

Why then I will only say, that since Fortune has been pleased to decree, that Julia shall be the bride of a Nobleman

WARBECK. [*Rising hastily.*]

How? What said you?

MUNSTER.

Keep your seat, Sir, keep your seat: heed not that prating woman! [*To Elizabeth.*—She the bride of a Nobleman? What can you mean by this absurdity?

ELIZABETH.

You are at liberty to believe what you please: I know what has passed between them, and what have been the promises of Baron Rosenberg.

MUNSTER. [*Highly incensed.*]

Silence, Serpent! What canst thou know? What can he have promised? Pay no attention to her, Master Secretary; she knows not what she says. [*To Elizabeth.*—Go to your chamber, go! What will Master Secretary think of me? He will believe that I encourage you in these ridiculous fancies,

WAR-

WARBECK.

That you should encourage her in them have I not deserved from you, Munster. Till now you have ever shown yourself a man of your word. My pretensions to your daughter were at one time on the point of being ratified in the most solemn manner : I have an employment adequate to support her reputably : the Minister views me with an eye of favour, nor shall I want friends to hasten my preferment, should a proper opportunity present itself. You are conscious that my addresses to Julia are both honourable and advantageous, and you should not sacrifice them to castles in the air, founded upon the promises of an illustrious libertine.

ELIZABETH.

If you cannot speak with more respect, Sir . . .

MUNSTER.

Silence, I say ! Good Warbeck, be contented. What I told you some months since I now repeat to you, and I protest to you that every thing remains in the same position. I will not force the inclinations of my daughter. Offer yourself to her : if she accepts you, I wish her happy with you : if you do not please her, put up with the affront, and part from us in charity.—It is the girl who must live with you, not I : it is her favour, therefore, which you must gain, not mine. Why should I from a spirit of obstinacy force her into the arms of a husband whom she finds it impossible for her to love? Should I commit so tyrannous

nous an act, the dæmons of darkness would mark me for their prey : the wine which I drink would taste of Julia's tears ; and every breeze that plays upon my hoary locks would whisper, " Thou hast destroyed the happiness of thy child !"

ELIZABETH.

In short, Master Secretary, to end the business at once, I must observe, that (though I own it was partly given) you never had my positive consent. I once thought rather advantageously of your offers, but I am now convinced that my daughter is destined to fill a more lofty station : I must therefore beg you to discontinue your addresses, since, should my husband agree to favour them, I should oppose them to the utmost of my power.

MUNSTER.

Can nothing keep thee quiet ? Oh ! serpent, serpent !

WARBECK.

[*Without minding Elizabeth.*]

A father's counsels must ever have weight : I trust, Munster, that you will strive to bias your daughter's decision, and that you are not unconscious of the value of my alliance.

MUNSTER.

Death of my life ! Sir, 'tis the girl should be conscious of its value, not I. What my old wits may find acceptable in you may but ill suit the taste of a young romantic maiden. I will tell you at once, whether you are a good musician ; but
whether

whether you are capable of gaining a woman's affections, is a question much too difficult for me to resolve.—In short, Master Secretary, I am a plain-spoken downright man. To my counsels you would think yourself but little obliged. I will never advise my daughter to promise love and obedience to one who Softly, softly, good tongue ! I would say, that I cannot advise her to accept your offers. I think not too favourably of a lover who calls to his aid the authority of a parent. Is he worthy of her ? then he will scorn to gain his mistress by so antiquated a mode. Is he afraid of failing ? then he wants courage, and Julia shall wed no coward. No, no ; the real lover must gain her affections by his own merit alone : he must make himself so necessary that she cannot live without him ; that she would rather endure every sorrow, every inconvenience, than be banished from his sight ; and that at length she throws herself at her father's feet, and entreats either for death or the well-beloved of her bosom.—Such is real love ; such must be the husband of Julia : and he who cannot make her feel these sensations, must perforce content himself without her.

WARBECK.

[In a threatening voice, while he hastily throws his cloak over his shoulders.]

I understand you, Munster, and quit your house.
—Perhaps you shall hear of me again. *[Exit.]*

MUNSTER,

MUNSTER.

So, so, he is gone in anger! Well, let him go. It is poison to me to look that villain in the face! Surely some dæmon introduced him by stealth into the Almighty God's creation!—His little hypocritical eyes—his fire-brand hair—his sneering lips, fraught with bitterness, and swelling with spite and malice—No, no! Ere I throw away my daughter on such a wretch!

ELIZABETH.

The low-bred impertinent!—But there are those shall make him pay dearly for his threats.

MUNSTER.

And you too must bring me into fresh embarrassments by mentioning this infernal Baron! What need was there to say, that Julia would be the bride of a Nobleman?—What had Rosenberg's promises to do with our conversation? Now will your secret be noised throughout the city: the Minister will be informed of the whole affair, and the tempest of his wrath will burst over and destroy us. Tremble, woman! tremble at your imprudence!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Munster, Elizabeth, Julia.

[*Julia enters slowly with a book in her hand : her air is wild and melancholy, and she seems buried in her own ideas. As soon as she perceives her father, she lays down her book, advances towards him, kneels, and kisses his hand.*]

JULIA.

Bless me, father ! Bless me, and pray for me !

MUNSTER.

How can I bestow on thee a blessing, when thyself art the only one I possess ? Yet will I pray, that God may give thee happiness equal to thy deserts ; to give thee more lies not even in his omnipotence. God bless thee, my lovely, my angel child ! [*She rises.*—Dost thou come from mass ? I rejoice that my Julia's first thoughts are offered to her Creator.—Continue to pray to him, and his arm shall be thy support.

JULIA.

Oh ! I am a poor sinful girl !—Was he not here, mother ?

ELIZABETH.

Who, my child ?

JULIA.

Ah ! I forgot that there are others in the world besides

besides him!—My brain wanders so!—And he was not here?—My Casimir was not here?

MUNSTER.

[With a melancholy voice.]

I hoped that Julia's devotion would erase that name from her remembrance.

JULIA.

[After a moment's silence.]

I understand you, father. I feel the knife which wounds my conscience, but your counsels come too late.—I have no longer any piety, father: it is gone, quite gone! Heaven and Casimir struggle for my bleeding soul; and Oh! I fear me I fear me *[pausing]* Yet not so, my good father. The painter is best praised, when the artist is forgotten in admiration of the picture. When, in contemplating his master-piece, my wonder, my delight, my ecstasy makes me forget the creator, father, is not that adoration of God?

MUNSTER.

[Throwing himself into a seat in despondency.]

Lessons of virtue! how have ye abandoned the heart of my child!

JULIA.

[Moving eagerly to the window, and leaning upon the frame with a melancholy air.]

Where is he now?—About what is he now occupied? Happy, happy ladies! who now listen to his voice!—who now gaze upon his features
even

even to dotage ! I—I am a miserable forsaken maid ! [*Starts at the word, and returns hastily to Munster.*]—Yet no, no, no ! Father, forgive me ! I quarrel not with that fortune which made me your daughter. I will only think on him a little : that can do no harm, can it, my kind father ?—Now what say you ? Were it not excellent, could I breathe out the few suspirations of life allotted to me, in a gentle flattering breeze that might cool the cheeks of my lover ? The short-lived flower of my youth . . . would it were a violet upon which he might tread, and then I might expire beneath his feet ! Father, would not that be transport ? Surely when insects bask in its lustre, that gives no offence to the proud glorious day-star ?

MUNSTER.

[*Leaning upon the arm of his chair, and covering his face, while he speaks interrupted by sobbing.*]

Julia ! Julia ! Her senses are disordered !—Oh ! I shall lose my darling !—My child ! my child ! Lovely unfortunate enthusiast ! With joy would I sacrifice the remnant of my days, could I make you forget that you ever beheld the Baron !

JULIA. [*Terrified.*]

How ? how ?—Did you say No, no ! that could not be my father's meaning.—He knows not that Casimir is mine !—He knows not that the good God created him for me, and for my delight alone ! [*After a pause of recollection*] The first moment

moment that I beheld him and the blood rushed rapidly into my glowing cheeks more lively beat every pulse: every throb told me, every breath whispered, " 'Tis he! "—And my heart, recognizing him, of whose absence it had so long felt the void, repeated yet more audibly, " 'Tis he! "—Methought the melodious sound rang through the world, and methought that world seemed to share in my delight!—That moment Oh! that moment was the first dawning of my soul! A thousand new sentiments arose in my bosom, as flowers on the earth when spring approaches. I forgot that there was a world, yet never had I felt that world so dear to me!—I forgot that there was a God, yet never had I felt so grateful for his bounties!

MUNSTER.

[Starting from his seat, hastening to Julia, and clasping her to his bosom.]

Julia! my beloved, my admirable child!—Do what thou wilt—Take every thing . . . my life . . . the Baron!—But God is my witness, that I never can give him to thee! *[Exit.]*

JULIA.

Best of fathers! now would I not have thee give him me. This despicable breath of life . . . this dew-drop in the ocean of eternity . . . how voluptuously is it consumed in dreaming of Casimir! While this indurable existence lasts, I wish not his possession;

C

session;

session; but oh! in that to come . . .!—Then, Mother, then when the bounds of separation are thrown down . . . when the hated distinctions of rank no longer part us from each other . . . when men again become no more than men and equals . . . then will I boldly advance before the tribunal of my God!—I shall bring nothing with me save my innocence!—Yet often has my father told me, that at the Almighty's coming riches and titles will be worthless; and that hearts alone, honourable honest hearts, will be thought valuable beyond all price.—Oh! then shall I be rich!—There, tears will be reckoned for triumphs, and glorious thoughts be preferred to an illustrious ancestry. Then, then, Mother, shall I indeed be noble!—then shall I indeed become the bride of Casimir!

ELIZABETH.

[Rising hastily from her seat.]

Julia, I hear the Baron! Hasten to receive him. *[Exit.*

JULIA,

Oh! do not leave me, Mother!—Why tremble you so, poor heart! at hearing the footsteps of your master?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Julia, Casimir.

[*He flies towards her: she advances a few steps to meet him, but falls back into her chair, pale and trembling. Casimir kneels before her, presses her hand to his bosom, and looks upon her for some moments in silence.—A pause.*]

CASIMIR.

So pale, Julia?

JULIA. [*Rising, and embracing him.*]

Fear not—it is nothing . . . nothing in truth—
You are here; I embrace you, and am well.

CASIMIR.

And am I still beloved, Julia?—My heart is yesterday's; is thine the same? I hastened hither; I wished only to know that thou art happy, that I might return and be so too.—I find thee pale, fainting, ill!

JULIA.

Not so, my beloved, not so.

CASIMIR.

Why deceive me, Julia? You are not happy. I see through your soul, as through the clear lustre of these brilliants [*pointing to his ring.*—No speck can harbour here, unmarked by my vigilance—no thought can pass over your countenance, and escape the observation of your lover. What grieves you? Answer me. Ah! were I but certain that this mirror is un sullied, no cloud should I see

through the wide expanse of atmosphere ! Speak to me, Julia : what afflicts you ?

JULIA.

[Looking at him with anxiety for a few moments.]

Casimir, couldst thou know how much above herself this discourse exalts the tradesman's daughter

CASIMIR.

What say'st thou ?—Tell me, girl, where found ye that ?—Thou art my Julia : who told thee thou couldst be aught else ?—See, false-one, see, for what coldness I must chide thee ! Were indeed thy whole existence love for me, never hadst thou found time to draw comparisons between our ranks. When I am with thee, my prudence is lost in one look from thine eyes ; when I am absent, in a dream of thee ! But thou . . . thou canst harbour prudence in the same breast with love !—Fye on thee, Julia ! Every moment bestowed on this sorrow was a robbery from affection and from me.

JULIA.

[Pressing his hand, and shaking her head with a melancholy air.]

Casimir, you would lull my apprehensions to sleep ; you would divert my eyes from the precipice into which I am falling.—I can see into futurity, and I tremble at the sight !—The voice of honour . . . your own reproaches, your father's anger ; . . . my poverty, my insignificance, my nothing . . . *[Shudders, and hastily drops his hand]*—Casimir !
a dagger

a dagger hangs over us ! We are separated, separated for ever !

CASIMIR.

Separated, Julia ? Whence these apprehensions ? Who can separate two hearts, or the tones of one accord ? True, I am a nobleman : but are my letters of nobility more valid than Heaven's hand-writing in my Julia's eyes ? Are the distinctions of rank more to be respected than promises to whose faith I have so often made God my witness ? I am son to the Prime Minister ; even therefore should I seek happiness on the bosom of my mistress. What but love can sweeten the curses which my father's extortions will draw down on me from every groaning peasant ?

JULIA.

Oh ! how I fear that father !

CASIMIR.

I fear nothing nothing, but that your affection should know bounds. Let obstacles rise between us, huge as mountains, I will consider them but as stairs, and ascend by them to the arms of Julia. The tempest of opposing Fate shall but fan the flame of my affection : dangers will only serve to make Julia yet more charming.—Then speak no more of terrors, oh ! thou, my beloved ! I will protect thee ; I will watch over thee, carefully as the enchanter's dragon watches over buried gold. I will be thy guardian ; thou shalt need no other angel. I will throw myself between thee and Fate : every blow aimed by her at thy breast shall be re-

ceived in mine. For thee will I collect every drop that flows from the cask of pleasure ; to thee will I bring it in the bowl of love. [*Embracing her affectionately*—This arm shall support my Julia through life. Fairer than it dismissed thee, shall heaven receive thee back ; and angels shall confess with delight and wonder, that nothing but love can give perfection to the soul.

JULIA.

[*Disengaging herself from him in confusion.*]

Speak no more, I beseech thee ! Oh ! Casimir, speak no more ! Couldst thou know Oh ! leave me, leave me !—Little dost thou feel how these hopes rend my heart in pieces like fiends ! [*Going.*]

CASIMIR. [*Detaining her.*]

Stay, Julia, stay ! Why this agitation ?—Why those hurried looks ?

JULIA.

I had forgotten these visions, and was happy. Now . . . now . . . from this day is the tranquillity of my heart no more. Wild impetuous wishes, unsatisfied desires, stings of delight exquisite and tormenting, must swell in my bosom, must torture me, must drive me mad ! Go, cruel youth ! Leave me, oh ! leave me !—Casimir ! Casimir ! God forgive thee ! Thou hast hurled that fire-brand into my young peaceful heart, which nothing can extinguish but the chillness of the grave !

[*She breaks from him, and rushes from the apartment, followed by Casimir.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Count Rosenberg's House.

Count Rosenberg, Warbeck.

COUNT.

Casimir's a serious attachment, say you? No, no, Warbeck; I never can believe it.

WARBECK.

If your Excellence will allow me to bring proofs of my assertions

COUNT.

That he is pleased with the girl, talks bombast nonsense to her, and strives to ensnare her affections by pretending to sentiment and delicacy—all this is very possible, and in my opinion very excusable: but as for marriage The daughter of a musician, I think, you said?

WARBECK.

Of Munster, the music-master.

COUNT.

Handsome?—But that question answers itself.

WARBECK. [*With warmth.*]

The most lovely creature that ever the world beheld! Elegant in her manners, captivating in her discourse, and perfect in her person.

COUNT. [*Smiling.*]

Softly, softly, Warbeck! You betray your own

C 4

secret.

secret. It requires no great penetration to discover that you are not insensible to the charms of this lovely creature, as you call her. But to return to our subject. You must not suppose, my good friend, that I am displeased with Casimir's gallantry. To be favoured by women is one of the most certain yet easiest methods of rising at court, and the conquest of this one damsel will insure him success with twenty others of more consequence. You say that she is handsome? I am glad of it; it proves that Casimir has taste. Does he pretend honourable designs? With all my heart! It convinces me that he can dissemble at proper times, and that he has wit enough not to sacrifice his interests to a romantic adoration of veracity. (As the world runs at present, you will allow, friend Warbeck, that this is a qualification by no means unnecessary.) Is he successful in his enterprise? So much the better! It shows that Fortune is willing to favour him. And, to end the farce, should a grandson make his appearance, I shall congratulate myself on the addition to my family, and remove the mother and the brat to some decent retirement.

WARBECK.

Beware, my Lord, beware! That mother may remove Count Rosenberg to a retirement not quite so reputable as that intended for his son's mistress. The Baron in possession of a secret upon which your life . . .

COUNT.

COUNT. [*Angrily and sternly.*]

Hold, Warbeck ! Not a syllable more on that head. Remember, that I am dreadful when once alarmed, obstinate when once convinced, frantic when once aware of an intended injury. As to the other subject, I am willing to take the whole in good part. That you would fain remove your rival, I make no sort of doubt—that to save yourself the trouble of breaking off my son's connexion with this Julia, you would willingly make me the instrument of separating them, I can also readily conceive. As to your natural propensity to deceit, I cannot object to it ; it has frequently been of use to me, and, as I am fore-warned, I have nothing to apprehend from its consequences to myself : but that you should attempt to exercise your hypocrisy upon me, to persuade me to your purpose by remembering me of circumstances which I must needs wish forgotten, or should strive to make me coincide with your views by threatening a disclosure of those circumstances, is a mode of conduct which I never will permit.

WARBECK.

Pardon me, my Lord ! I meant not to offend : neither in my representations had hypocrisy any share.—I cannot deny my affection for the damsel ; but if Jealousy has in any degree assisted me in this affair, it has been with her eyes to discover Casimir's connexion, not with her tongue to publish it to your Excellence.

COUNT.

COUNT.

Jealousy ? Absurd ! What hast thou to do with jealousy ?—What needest thou care, whether the ducats are received from the mint, or pass through the hands of a banker ? Observe the alliances of the Great. Whether it be publicly known or not, in my rank of life a marriage is seldom solemnized where at least a dozen of the guests cannot measure the bridegroom's paradise by geometrical proportions.

WARBECK. [*Bowing.*]

Upon this head, my Lord, I confess myself a plebeian.

COUNT.

To prove to you the truth of my assertions, I will now confide a secret to your keeping.—You have heard, no doubt, that a treaty of marriage has been proposed between the Duke and a Princess of the house of Austria. To facilitate this union, it is resolved, that the Baroness Augusta shall pretend to have lost our Sovereign's heart, and, to make her disgrace yet more credible, shall contract some ostensible engagement. You are conscious, Warbeck, how fondly the Prince dotes upon his mistress ; he loads her with favours, and the title of Baroness lately bestowed upon her is one of the most insignificant. With her influence over him is mine unable to cope, and my power would soon fall to the ground, should it jar against her interests. The Duke now seeks an husband
for

for her. An enemy of mine may offer himself, conclude the bargain, secure the Duke's confidence, as well as his strumpet, and easily establish himself in the place which I now possess. In order therefore to retain the Prince in the shackles of my family, within a week shall the Baroneſs become the wife of my ſon. Do you underſtand me ?

WARBECK.

Perfectly, my Lord.—But the ſtateſman ſeems ſo totally to overcome the parent in this buſineſs, that I fear the Baron will prove dutiful to you in the ſame proportion that you are affectionate to him. In that caſe your whole edifice will be levelled with the ground.

COUNT.

Fortunately, he has never dared to diſpute my will, when once I had pronounced, “ Thus ſhall it be ! ” But now, Warbeck, I return to our former ſubject.—I will propoſe Auguſta to my ſon this very day : the reception which he gives my offer ſhall either confirm your aſſertions, or annihilate the very idea of them from my mind.—Will this content you ?

WARBECK.

Permit me to repreſent, that his reſuſal may as well be placed to the account of the bride you offer to him, as of her from whom you wiſh him to be ſeparated. Put him then to a trial more ſevere.—Propoſe to him the moſt unexceptionable
woman

woman that can be found in Brunswic. If he accepts her for his bride ; if he consents to marry any other than Julia Munster, I will subject myself willingly to any punishment which yourself or the Baron may think proper to inflict.

COUNT. [*Biting his lips.*]

Marry her ? Confusion !

WARBECK.

That certainly is his intention. This very morning Munster's wife betrayed the secret to me.

COUNT.

I take your advice, Warbeck ; Casimir shall immediately be put to the proof.

WARBECK.

Yet, let me entreat your Excellence not to forget that the Baron . . . is the Minister's son : should he discover that I informed you

COUNT.

Take you no heed ; I will not betray you.

WARBECK.

Permit me also to mention, that my services in ridding you of a daughter-in-law ill-suited to your inclinations

COUNT.

Deserve the recompense of a wife well-suited to yours ? That also shall be remembered.

WARBECK. [*Bowing.*]

Eternally your Lordship's slave. [*Going.*]

COUNT.

COUNT. [*In a threatening voice.*]

As to what I have confided to you, should you dare but to whisper one syllable

WARBECK.

While your Excellence possesses the proofs of my forgery, upon that head you may rest secure.

[*Exit.*]

COUNT.

He is right : I have nothing to dread from him, while I hold him confined in the fetters of his own knavery.

SCENE VI.

Count Rosenberg. A Servant.

SERVANT.

Marshal Ingelheim to wait upon your Lordship.

COUNT.

The very man I wished to see.—Introduce him.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SCENE VII.

Count Rosenberg, Marshal Ingelheim.

MARSHAL.

[*In an affected tone of voice.*]

How delighted I am to see you, my dear Count !
It seems an age since I had last that honour ! And
how have you done these hundred years ? Will
you

you forgive my not having paid my respects to you at an earlier hour ? I swear to you, nothing but the most pressing business the Duke's bill of fare . . . long-neglected visits to be returned . . . invitations to the next gala ball . . . not to mention a million of other affairs to the full as important . . . Besides, it was necessary for me to be at the levee, and inform his Highness of the state of the weather.

COUNT.

True, Marshal ! So weighty a concern was not to be neglected.

MARSHAL.

Then a rascally shoemaker kept me waiting near three quarters of an hour.

COUNT.

And yet ready so soon ?

MARSHAL.

Nor is that all—As misfortunes never come single Only hear my adventures of to-day, my dear Count !

COUNT.

I am all attention. [*Afide.*] Can it be possible ?—Can a son of mine

MARSHAL.

Now only listen !—Scarce had I quitted my carriage at the Palace-door, when the horses became restive, and beginning to stamp and rear . . . I was covered Only imagine ! I was covered with mud from head to foot ! What was now to

be done? Fancy yourself, my dear friend, only fancy yourself for a moment in my situation! There stood I; late was the hour; the window-curtains of his Highness were already drawn up. In this dilemma to what resource did I betake myself?—I pretended to faint: my domestics hastily replaced me in my carriage: my coachman, fancying me at the point of death, galloped home like a mad-man: the moment I arrive there, I fly to my chamber, change my dress, hasten back to the palace, and in spite of all these accidents . . . only imagine! . . . am still the first person in the anti-chamber! What say you to that, my best Count?

COUNT.

The most admirable impromptu ever engendered by mortal wit—But tell me, Ingelheim, did you speak to the Duke?

MARSHAL. [*Importantly*].

Full twenty minutes and a half.

COUNT.

Indeed? I congratulate you, Marshal; you are become a man of consequence, and doubtless his Highness has imparted to you the secret of the day.

MARSHAL. [*After a pause of reflection*].

I certainly did hear it rumoured, that the court-livery was to be changed from brown to blue—but the news wanted confirmation.

COUNT.

That is highly important, but still not the intelligence

ligence I mean. You have not heard then, that the Baroness Augusta will soon become my daughter-in-law?

MARSHAL.

Not a word of it. And seriously the match is likely to take place?

COUNT.

It is concluded, Marshal, it is concluded; and when you pay your usual morning compliments to the Baroness, you will oblige me by preparing her to receive Casimir's visit. You have full liberty also to mention the approaching nuptials to all those who honour me by interesting themselves in my concerns.

MARSHAL.

My dear friend, you confer upon me the greatest favour in the world! Nothing can give me more satisfaction than such an employment. I fly to the Baroness this moment. Adieu, my best Count! [*Embracing him.*] Depend upon my diligence. In three quarters of an hour not a soul in the town shall be ignorant of the whole affair. [*Exit.*]

COUNT. [*Smiling contemptuously.*]

They say this creature is of no use in the world: but a man of sense can make use of every thing. Now Casimir must either accept the proposal, or give the whole town the lye. Who waits? [*Warbeck enters.*] Send the Baron hither. [*Warbeck retires, the Count walks backwards and forwards full of thought.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Count Rosenberg, Casimir.

CASIMIR.

I was informed, my Lord

COUNT.

Aye, Casimir, I sent for you.—What mean you by this conduct, my son? I have watched you for these last three months, and find no longer that warm, open vivacity of youth which formerly was so amiable and enchanting. A strange sorrow broods upon your features: you shun your father; you shun the society in which you once delighted. For shame, Casimir! At your age a thousand irregularities are easier forgiven, than one instant of ill-humour. Away then with this melancholy, my son! Indulge yourself in every pleasure: enjoy the present moments, without heeding those to come. Leave the care of your future happiness to my direction, and only prepare yourself, when necessary, to co-operate with my designs. Promise me this, my Casimir, and embrace me in token of compliance.

CASIMIR.

Your kindness to-day, noble father, exceeds my utmost expectations.

COUNT.

“To-day,” say you? and that with such

D

an

an air of wonder and suspicion ? [*seriously*] Casimir ! . . . For whose sake have I ventured upon that dangerous path, which leads to the affections of princes ? For whose sake am I at variance with Heaven and my conscience, at variance never to be reconciled ?—Hear me, Casimir ! (Remember, 'tis to my son I speak.) For whom have I made room by the removal of my predecessor ? a deed, which the more deeply wounds my inward feelings, the more carefully I conceal the dagger from the world ! Tell me, Casimir, for whose sake have I done all this ?

CASIMIR.

[*Recoiling with horror.*]

Yet not for mine, father, not for mine ? Yet not on me shall fall the bloody reflection of this murder ?—By my Almighty Maker, it were better never to have been born, than have been the unconscious cause of such a crime !

COUNT.

Sayest thou ?—How ?—But I will pardon these romantic visions—Casimir, I will preserve my temper—Ungrateful boy ! Thus dost thou repay me for my sleepless nights ? Thus for my unslumbering anxiety for thy good ? Thus for the never-dying scorpion of my conscience ? Upon me must fall the burthen of exculpation ; upon me the curse, the thunderbolt of the Judge. Thou receivest thy happiness from another's hands : enjoy it, and remember,

member, that the crime is not attached to the inheritance.

CASIMIR.

[Extending his right hand towards heaven.]

An inheritance, which I now solemnly abjure, since it serves but to remind me of a Parent's guilt!

COUNT.

Hear me, youth! Do not incense me.—Spiritless worm! were you left to your own direction, you would crawl for ever in the dust.

CASIMIR.

Oh! better, Father, far, far better to crawl a worm in the dust than a serpent on a throne!

COUNT.

[Repressing his anger.]

So!—Then compulsion must make you sensible of your happiness.—To that point, which with all striving a thousand others fail to reach, have you been exalted in the very sleep of infancy. At twelve you received a commission; at eighteen, a command. I have laboured to establish you in the Duke's good graces: I have succeeded. He bids you lay aside your uniform, and share with me his favour and his confidence. He spoke of titles, of embassies, of honours bestowed but upon few. A glorious prospect presents itself before you. The direct path to the place next to the throne lies open to you; nay, to the throne itself, if the power of ruling is not less valuable than the name. Does

not that idea awaken your ambition? Does not that incite your soul to daring deeds?

CASIMIR.

It does not; for my ideas of great and happy differ widely from my Father's. Your happiness can be but seldom known, except by the misery of others. Envy, terror, abhorrence, are the melancholy mirrors in which princes admire their greatness; tears, curses, desperation, the unfavourable beverage of those so falsely esteemed happy:—intoxicated with this, they sink sleeping into eternity, and at the day of judgment throng staggering before the throne of God. My ideas of happiness rather make me look for its fountains in myself. I seek no honours; I shrink from ambition; I feel, that every wish of mine lies buried in my heart.

COUNT.

Excellent! Excellent! Talents for romance cannot be higher carried! But not to let them rust unemployed, I will place one by your side who may participate in this unbounded folly. Hear me, youth! This very day resolve to take a bride of my choosing.

CASIMIR.

[Starting back amazed.]

Father!

COUNT.

Answer me not! I will hear nothing in reply—I have made proposals in your name to the Baroness

Augusta—

Augusta—You will instantly determine to accommodate yourself to my wishes, and from this moment consider yourself as her bridegroom.

CASIMIR.

The Baroness Augusta!

COUNT.

If she is not unknown to you

CASIMIR. [*Passionately.*]

To what brothel is she unknown through the dukedom? [*calmer*] But pardon me, dearest Father! It was ridiculous to imagine that your proposal could be serious. Would you call yourself father of that rascal son, who doomed himself for lucre to the bride-bed of a licensed prostitute?

COUNT.

Nay, yet further, Casimir! Were not my age an objection, I would myself become her husband: would not you call yourself that rascal father's son?

CASIMIR.

As there is a God above us! that would I not.

COUNT.

By Heaven! an avowal, which I pardon for its singularity.

CASIMIR.

I entreat you, Father, by all that is sacred, by all that is dear to you, release me from terrors, which render it insupportable for me to know myself your son.

D 3

COUNT.

COUNT.

Are you distracted, boy ? Who thirsts not after a distinction, which makes him in a third place the equal of his sovereign ?

CASIMIR.

If I am distracted, Father, 'tis you who make me so. "A distinction," do you call it ? a distinction to be equal with a prince, when he stoops to place himself upon a level with his basest subject ? [*The Count laughs insultingly*].—You may scoff at and ridicule me ; I must pass it over in a father.—Suppose I should consent to this union ? With what countenance should I support the gaze of the meanest labourer, who at least receives an undivided person as the portion of his bride ? With what countenance should I present myself before the world, before the prince, nay, before the harlot herself, who would wash out in my shame the brand-marks of her honour ?

COUNT.

Absurd ! Whence couldst thou collect such notions ?

CASIMIR.

I swear to you, Father, by heaven and by earth, so happy by your only son's perdition can you never make yourself, as you will make him miserable ! If my life can be a step to your advancement, dispose of it at your pleasure : my life was your present, and to sacrifice it to your welfare will I never hesitate

fitate a moment.—My honour, Father. . . . if you deprive me of this, the giving me life was a mere trick of knavish cruelty, and I must equally curse the parent and the pander.

COUNT. [*Embracing him.*]

Speak ever thus, my brave, my noble boy! How proud I feel of these sentiments! I have put you to the proof; I have found you answering my most sanguine wishes, and the fairest maid in Brunswic is a reward scarcely adequate to your deserts. Be happy, then, my dearest son! lay aside your apprehensions, and give your hand this evening to the Countess of Offheim.

CASIMIR. [*In new disorder.*]

Has Fate then pitched upon this hour to hurl me from precipice to precipice?

COUNT.

[*Regarding him with an eye of suspicion.*]

By this union, I imagine that your honour can have nothing to lose?

CASIMIR.

Nothing, Father, nothing!—Frederica of Offheim would make any other the happiest of men.—[*Aside.*] His kindness rends totally in pieces that remnant of my heart which his cruelty left unwounded.

COUNT.

[*His eye still fixed upon him.*]

I expected, Casimir, that your gratitude. . . .

D.4 CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

[*Throwing himself at his feet, and kissing his hand.*]

Father, your goodness awakens every spark of sentiment in my bosom!—Father, receive my warmest thanks for your paternal tenderness!—Your choice is unexceptionable But I cannot I dare not Pity me, Father, I never can love the Countess!

COUNT. [*Drawing back.*]

Hold, young Sir! you have fallen into the snare. So these were your plots? Thou artful hypocrite!—It was not then *honour* which made thee refuse Augusta?—Casimir! Casimir! It was not the woman, but the nuptials, which alarmed thee! [*Casimir stands petrified for a moment; then recovers himself, and prepares to quit the chamber hastily.*]—And whither now? Stay, Sir! Is this the respect due to thy father? [*Casimir returns slowly.*]—Hear me, youth! The Baroness expects thee: the Duke has my promise: both court and city are persuaded that the marriage will take place. If thou makest me appear a liar, boy! If before the Duke—the lady—the court and city—thou makest me appear a liar! tremble, boy, tremble at my vengeance!—Should certain circumstances have reached my knowledge How now? Why does the fire of thy cheeks at once grow pale?

CASIMIR. [*Pale and trembling.*]

How? What? There is no cause for my emotion, Father, none in truth!

COUNT.

COUNT.

[*Casting upon him a dreadful look.*]

And if there is any!—If I should discover the source from whence this obstinacy proceeds! Boy! boy! the very thought drives me distracted! Leave me this moment, and obey me 'Tis now the hour of the parade. As soon as the word is given, go thou to the Baroness; once there, my pleasure is known to thee Do thou fulfil it When I step forth, a dukedom trembles; let me see if a disobedient madman dare contradict my will! [*Going, returns.*] Remember, Sir; go thou to the Baroness. Go to her, or fly from my anger to the very extremities of the globe! and even there my curse shall find thee! [*Exit.*]

CASIMIR.

He is gone! Was that a father's voice? Yes, I will hence I will see her I will say such things to her! I will hold such a mirror before her eyes! Then, if she still demands my hand, in the presence of her paramour, of the collected nobles, and of God, I throw her from me, and resign her to eternal infamy.—Tremble, unworthy woman! Girdle thyself round with all the pride of thy native Britain.—Thou wilt need it; for a German soldier will speak to thee the language of truth. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A magnificent Saloon.

The Baronefs AUGUSTA, CATHARINA.

[Augusta sits upon a sofa, and occasionally strikes the chords of her harp. She seems buried in meditation. Catharina comes from the balcony.]

CATHARINA.

THE parade is over; the officers are separating; but I see no signs of the Baron.

AUGUSTA.

[Rises with uneasiness, and traverses the stage with a disordered air.]

I know not what torments me this morning; I never before felt these sensations! You saw him not, Catharina! Well, no matter: he has no cause for impatience. Oh! how this interview weighs down my heart like the consciousness of a crime!—Go, Catharina; let the Duke's wildest courser be prepared for me: I pant for air; I must see men, and the blue sky, and chase these gloomy thoughts from my bosom.

CATHARINA.

CATHARINA.

If you wish for amusement, why not throw open your doors, and admit the crowd of those whom a smile from you can make happy? Music, dancing, feasting, play Name but your wish, and 'twill be gratified. Were I in your place, lady; were the Duke and his whole court at my entire command, I would suffer no caprice to ruffle the tranquillity of my temper.

AUGUSTA.

[*Throwing herself upon the sofa.*]

Oh! let me not be troubled with the wearisome tribe of flatterers! Every hour in which I shun them is worth a diamond. Shall I line my chambers with this cringeing throng? These courtiers are pitiable creatures; despicable men; the slaves of a single puppet, whose actions I govern easier than I do the strings of my lute! What should I with people whose souls are filled with nothing but fulsome compliments and insipid adulation? What pleasure can it give to question them, when I already know their answer? How can I bear to converse with wretches who dare harbour no opinion that differs from mine? Hence with the servile crowd! Prepare for me a steed, wild, spirited, and impetuous: I burn to see a creature that submits not tamely to the rein!

CATHARINA.

Yet from those who answer your description you surely must except the Duke: no handsomer person,

person, or tenderer heart ; no manners more polished, or understanding more enlightened, can be found in his whole dominions.

AUGUSTA.

Aye, Catharina, there lies the attraction ! They are *his* dominions : thence comes your praise, and my apology. Nothing but sovereignty could excuse my weakness. Thou say'st, the generality of women envy me : Oh ! blindness ! blindness ! I am far more worthy their compassion. Among those who rest upon the bosom of Majesty, the mistress maintains her station by the most disgraceful means ; since she purchases favour with the loss of her virtue and her fame. 'Tis true, by the talisman of his power the Duke can satisfy every wish of my caprice, swift as the building of fairy palaces. He places the wealth of India upon my toilette : he changes deserts into gardens fair as Paradise ; bids the rivers of his dukedom spring in proud curves to heaven ; or, exhausting the marrow of his subjects in shows and fireworks, squanders away the produce of villages upon a single entertainment. But against a great and fiery heart can he make his heart beat great and fiery ? Upon his indigent brain can there be impressed one single generous feeling ? In the riot of my senses my heart still is conscious of a void ; and little does it boot me to possess a thousand nobler sentiments, when I have the power alone to gratify the cravings of voluptuousness and lust.

CATHARINA.

CATHARINA.

[Looking at her with astonishment.]

Though I have been so long your attendant . . .

AUGUSTA.

You understand my character to-day for the first time : Is that what you would say ?—Catharina, you are right. I have sold my honour to the Prince; but my heart still remains at liberty : my heart, which perhaps is yet worthy the acceptance of a man of honour : my heart, over which the poisonous Scirocco of courts has passed, as breath flies over mirrors. Believe me, Catharina, long since had I abandoned this despicable Sovereign, could my pride have borne to see another fill my place.

CATHARINA.

Ah ! lady, how could that heart, of which you boast so highly, submit without struggling to the government of pride ?

AUGUSTA. *[Hastily.]*

Has it not revenged itself ? Nay, does it not revenge itself at this moment ?—Catharina ! Woman has but one choice, to obey, or to command ; but the greatest pleasure of ruling is but a miserable possession, should that greater be denied, the being slave to a man whom she adores !

CATHARINA.

A truth, lady, which I hear from your lips with astonishment.

AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

And why astonishment ? Proves not our childish mode of governing a sceptre, that we are only fit to move in leading-strings ? Sawest thou not, Catharina, that the fantastic wanderings of my caprice . . . sawest thou not, that my ambitious enthusiasm served but to hush the yet wilder wishes of my bosom ?

CATHARINA.

Lady !

AUGUSTA. [*Passionately.*]

Satisfy these ! Give me the man who is now the object of my thoughts, of my adoration ! Give me the man whom I must either possess or die ! [*with softness*] Let me but read in his eyes that he burns with a passion like mine ; let me but hear from his lips that the brilliants in my hair are less bright, than tears of love on my cheek ; [*with contemptuous dignity*] and I spurn at my foot the Prince's heart and dukedom, and fly with this man to the remotest desert of the world !

CATHARINA.

[*Regarding her with surprise.*]

You alarm me, lady ! These transports This emotion

AUGUSTA.

You change colour : Have I betrayed too much ? Oh ! then let my unreserved confession purchase
your

your secrecy. Hear yet more Hear every thing !

CATHARINA.

[*Drawing back with anxiety.*]

Spare me, lady, spare me in pity ! I dare not listen !

AUGUSTA.

Stay, I command you ! Stay, and know My union with Rosenbergh You and the world suppose it to be some court intrigue Tremble not, Catharina tremble not for me ! It is the work of love.

CATHARINA.

Just Heavens ! my suspicions, then, were true !

AUGUSTA.

They suffer me to over-reach them, Catharina.— The doting Prince the politic Count the insignificant Ingelheim each would swear, that this union is the surest way to preserve me for the Duke, and to rivet the chains of our connexion. Fools ! 'tis the way to separate us for ever, and free me from their shameful fetters, which never shall be resumed. Blush, ye deceived deceivers ! blush to be out-plotted by the cunning of a woman ! Yourself now place me in the arms of my beloved : this was my whole aim. Let him but be mine ; let him but once be mine : Oh ! then for ever, detested sovereignty, farewell !

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Baronefs Augusta, Catbarina, Walter [with a casket].

WALTER.

His Highnefs, lady, recommends himfelf by me to your remembrance, and begs you to accept thefe jewels, as a nuptial gift. They are newly arrived from Venice.

AUGUSTA.

[Opens the casket, and starts back with aftonifhment.]

Man, what price did the duke give for thefe brilliants?

WALTER.

[With a gloomy look.]

They coft him not a ducat.

AUGUSTA.

How? — Have you your fenfes? — They coft him nothing? *[Moving haftily from him.]* and he darts upon me a look as he would pierce through my very foul! Answer me instantly: What paid your Duke for thefe ineftimable gems?

WALTER.

Yesterday feven thoufand children of the land departed for America: their produce paid the whole.

AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

[Throws the casket upon the table with looks of horror, and paces the apartment with unequal steps. After a pause, she returns to Walter.]

How now?—You weep!—Wherefore those tears?

WALTER.

[Casts upon her a piercing and expressive glance : then speaks in a solemn voice, while he wipes his eyes, and points to the casket.]

Jewels, precious as those yonder Once had I two fair sons *[His voice fails him, and he is unable to repress his tears.]*—They completed the seven thousand!

AUGUSTA.

[Turning away her face, while she grasps his hand.]

But went not compelled, Old Man? But went not compelled?

WALTER.

[With a convulsive laugh.]

Compelled? Oh God! No, no; they went from pure free will!—'Tis true, some daring youths stepped forward, and asked the Prince, how dear he sold his subjects by the head? But their insolence was justly punished! Our beneficent master ordered a regiment to be instantly drawn out on the parade; and the offenders were soon stretched upon the earth. We heard the report of the muskets; we saw their brains scattered

E

upon

upon the stones, and the whole army shouted,
“Hence to America !”

AUGUSTA.

[Throws herself upon the sofa, trembling with agitation.]

God !—God ! And I heard nothing !—
And I observed nothing !

WALTER.

Aye, noble lady, why were you absent ? Why would you with the Duke to hunt the bear, when the signal was given for departure ?—Oh ! you should not have missed the glorious fight, when the bellowing trumpets told us, it was time to part ! when orphans followed with shrieks their fathers, though living, dead to them ! when brides were severed from their bride-grooms’ arms by interposing sabres ! when, in distraction, mothers hurled their infants upon the points of bayonets ! when grey-headed elders rent their locks in despair ; and at length threw their crutches towards America, whither went the dearer props of their old age !——Oh ! and then the beating of drums ! and the clangor of trumpets ! and the cries of foldiers, who shouted around us, that our prayers might not reach the ears of the Omniscient !

AUGUSTA.

[Starting wildly from the sofa.]

Away with those gems !—They dart hellish
flames

flames into my bosom. [*With softness.*] Be satisfied, good old man ; your sons will return : again shall you clasp your children to your bosom.

WALTER.

[*Passionately, and with a full heart.*]

That I shall, lady : God knows, that I shall !——
When they reached the city gate, they stopped,
and turned towards me.——“ God be with you,
father,” said they : “ At the day of judgment we
shall meet again ! ”

AUGUSTA.

[*Traversing the stage hastily.*]

Horrible !——Monstrous !——He told me, I had
dried up the tears of his subjects.——Dreadfully,
dreadfully does the light break in upon me !——
Leave me, old man——Tell your master I
will myself thank him, as he deserves ! [*Walter
is going : Augusta throws her purse into his hat.*]
Keep that, for having told me truth.

WALTER.

[*Flinging it with indignation upon the table.*]

Gold ? Be it for others ; I want it not ! [*Expressively.*] Lady I had once two sons !

[*Exit.*]

AUGUSTA.

[*Looking after him with amazement.*]

Follow him, Catharina ; follow him ! Enquire
his name : he shall have his sons again ! [*Exit*

Catharina.—*Augusta remains buried in thought.—After a pause, Catharina returns.*—Heard I not lately, that a town upon the borders has been consumed by fire, and near four hundred families reduced to beggary ?

CATHARINA.

'Tis true, lady. Most of these unfortunates now serve their creditors like bondsmen, or perish in the depths of the Ducal silver-mines.—But what brings this now to your remembrance ?

AUGUSTA.

Who waits ? [*A servant enters : she gives him the casket.*]—Carry this to my treasurer.—'Tis my pleasure, that the contents be sold without delay, and the produce divided among the sufferers by the late conflagration.

CATHARINA.

Consider, lady ; this will be shewing a marked insult to the Prince.

AUGUSTA. [*With dignity.*]

Shall I wear in my ringlets the curses of his country ?—Obey me ! [*The servant goes out.*]—Wouldst thou that the infernal burthen of such tears should press me to the earth ! No, Catharina. False brilliants look better in my hair, than true gems, while I know at what price they were purchased.

CATHARINA.

But diamonds of such value ! Would not your
less

less costly jewels have answered your purpose? And when the Duke shall hear No, lady, no; he never can forgive this flight.

AUGUSTA.

Foolish girl! This deed shall draw down on me more diamonds from Heaven, than sparkle in the diadems of ten kings!—Oh! and those diamonds will be far more fair and precious!

SCENE III.

The Baronefs Augusta, Catharina. A Servant.

SERVANT.

Baron Rosenberg.

CATHARINA.

[*Hastening to Augusta, and supporting her.*]
Lady, you faint!

AUGUSTA.

He is the first I ever dreaded.—I am ill very ill!—Spirit of my Father, support me! [*To the servant.*] Speak! How looks he? Seems he pleased? Smiles he? What said he? Did he not Oh! Catharina! My brain whirls round with terror!

CATHARINA.

I entreat you, lady

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SERVANT.

SERVANT.

May the Baron be permitted

AUGUSTA.

[*With a faltering voice.*]

His visit will give me pleasure.

[*Exit Servant.*]

AUGUSTA.

Speak, Catharina ! What shall I say to him ?
How shall I receive him ?—He will despise me for
my weakness ! He will think me Dreadful
suspicion ! Leave me not, Catharina ! Stay,
oh ! stay !

CATHARINA.

Collect yourself, for God's sake ! The Baron is
already here.

SCENE IV.

The Baronefs Augusta, Catharina, Casimir.

CASIMIR.

[*With a slight and distant bow.*]

If I interrupt you

AUGUSTA. [*In evident agitation.*]

In nothing of consequence, my Lord.

CASIMIR.

By my Father's command I visit you.

AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.

He has obliged me by that command.

CASIMIR.

And my business is to announce to you our approaching nuptials—Such is my Father's will.

AUGUSTA.

[With a timid and trembling voice.]

And not your own heart's wish?

CASIMIR.

'Tis a question, which ministers and pandars seldom think it necessary to ask.

AUGUSTA.

[With increasing anxiety, which almost stifles her voice.]

And have you nothing more to add?

CASIMIR. *[Looking at Catharina.]*

Much, lady, much!

[Augusta motions to Catharina to retire.]

[Exit Catharina.]

SCENE V.

The Baronefs Augusta, Cafimir.

AUGUSTA.

We are now at liberty. Will you not be feated?

E 4

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

I shall be brief : a few moments will suffice for all I have to say.

AUGUSTA.

I am prepared to hear you.

CASIMIR.

Lady, I am a man of honour.

AUGUSTA.

I cannot doubt it.

CASIMIR.

A gentleman.

AUGUSTA.

None better in Brunswic.

CASIMIR.

And an officer.

AUGUSTA.

These are qualities possessed in common with you by others : Why pass over in silence those far more noble ones peculiar to yourself ?

CASIMIR. [*Coldly.*]

They have no concern in the present business.

AUGUSTA.

[*Her anxiety still increasing.*]

And in what light am I to consider this preamble ?

CASIMIR.

Consider it to be the prophecy of that to which
Honour

Honour will compel me, should you think proper to force my hand, without gaining the consent of my love or judgment.

AUGUSTA.

How, my Lord ? What language is this ?

CASIMIR. [*Resolutely.*]

The language of my heart, my nobility
and this sword.

AUGUSTA.

That sword did the Duke give you.

CASIMIR.

That sword did my country give me through the hands of the Duke. God bestowed on me an honest heart, and fifty centuries have confirmed my claim to nobility.

AUGUSTA.

What the Duke authorizes

CASIMIR. [*Sternly and hastily.*]

Can the Duke wrest to his purpose the acknowledged laws of humanity ? Can he stamp glory upon actions, easily as he stamps his image upon a ducat ? No, lady, no ! Even himself is subject to the sway of Honour ; but then he has the power of sealing up her lips with gold. He can throw over his crimes a robe of ermine ; he can dazzle observing eyes with the splendour of his diadem ; he can make I entreat you, lady, mention not the Duke again. I speak not now of blasted prospects, of ancestors dishonoured : I speak not of that nice
honour

honour girded on me with my sword : I speak not of the opinion of a mis-judging despicable world : All these considerations I could sacrifice without remorse !—But first convince me, that to gain the reward of my sacrifice would not be a greater punishment, than the sacrifice itself.

AUGUSTA.

[Turning from him with an air of reproach and sorrow.]

Baron ! I have not deserved this treatment.

CASIMIR. *[Taking her hand.]*

Forgive me, lady ! We are here without witnesses : The circumstance which now unites us unites us now, and never will again justifies me nay, compels me to reveal to you my most secret feelings.—It fills me with amazement, lady, that a woman possessed of such talents and such beauty (qualities, which deserve the admiration of a man of honour) should throw herself away upon a Prince, incapable of valuing her for any thing but her sex. How could such a woman debase herself thus absolutely if she were not conscious that her heart could not bear a man of honour's inspection ?

AUGUSTA.

[Raising her head proudly, and regarding him with an undaunted air.]

Proceed, my lord.

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

You call yourself a Briton.—Excuse me, lady.—
A Briton I never can believe you. The free-born
daughter of the freest nation under the sun, of a
nation too proud even to submit to foreign virtue,
could never bow herself to foreign vice. A Briton?
Oh ! impossible !—Or, if you are one, the veins of
Britain's daughters are more debased and empty, as
the veins of Britain's sons are more sanguine and
more full.

AUGUSTA. [*Calmly.*]

Have you still more to say ? I am ready to hear
it.

CASIMIR.

I might suppose, that your fault was occasioned
by female vanity, by seduced affections, by a warmth
of constitution, or a natural propensity to pleasure.
Already hath virtue frequently survived the loss of
honour : already have many women, who passed
these limits with shame, regained by their noble
actions the opinion of the world, and, by using their
power worthily and well, have thrown a blaze of
glory upon their vilest failings. But You
You Tell me, lady, whence comes this op-
pression of the people, this oppression which ex-
isted not till you came hither ? True, 'tis the
Duke's name, which sanctifies the extortion ; but
all, lady, all are conscious, whose pride that ex-
tortion is to feed.—I have no more to say, and
from

from what I have already said, you must have understood my meaning. Have you now aught to answer, or may I take my leave ?

AUGUSTA.

[*With gentleness and dignity.*]

You are the only man, Rosenberg, who has ever dared to blame me to my face : You are the only man, to whom would I deign a vindication of my conduct.—That you reject my hand but raises you in my opinion : that you accuse the goodness of my heart can easily obtain my forgiveness, since I cannot but believe this contempt to be affected. He who dares outrage a woman, when she needs but a single night to effect his ruin, must be well convinced of the generosity of her soul, or must be the most senseless of madmen. That you place to my account the sorrows of the land, may God, the All-powerful, the All-wise, forgive you, when Yourself, the Prince, and I shall be summoned before his throne ! But in my person you have dared to outrage England, my own, own England ! 'Tis my duty and my glory to disprove the insults which you have cast upon my native land.

CASIMIR. [*Leaning upon his sword.*]

I wait with impatience for your reply.

AUGUSTA.

Hear then those circumstances, which none except yourself has ever known ; which none
except

except yourself shall ever know.—Rosenberg . . .
I am not that low obscure adventurer, which the world esteems me. My lineage is such as I need not blush to name : I should be proud to say that my ancestors were princes, had not my infamy made me unworthy of their blood.—Behold in me the daughter of the unhappy Thomas Norfolk; of that Norfolk, who fell a victim to his attachment for the Queen of Scots. My father, chamberlain to the cruel Elizabeth, was accused of maintaining a treasonable correspondence with France: words were misinterpreted ; letters were forged ; and the decree of perjured enemies doomed Norfolk to the scaffold. His possessions were confiscated, and his family was banished the kingdom. My mother died on the same day that her husband was executed. Myself, then scarce fourteen, fled with my nurse to Germany. My whole wealth consisted in a few jewels of inconsiderable value, and this family-portrait, to part with which no poverty could ever induce me : my mother, my unfortunate broken-hearted mother, bound it round my neck as she lay upon the bed of death ; she kissed it, and sanctified her present with a dear, an eternal farewell ! [*Casimir becomes thoughtful, and gazes upon Augusta with interest and anxiety. She continues with increasing emotion.*] Without fortune or protection enfeebled by sickness, deprived of my name a foreigner, and an orphan,

phan, did I arrive at Hamburgh. All my science consisted in a slight knowledge of French, of embroidery, and of the harp. These accomplishments I possessed but superficially; but thoroughly was I skilled in feasting from gold and silver, in sleeping under damask canopies, in making ten servants fly at a wink, and receiving the adulation of courtiers as a tribute due to me. Four years had I already passed in tears; with them departed the last jewel of my little casket. My nurse expired; I was left friendless and alone—And now was it, that my fate conducted your Duke to Hamburgh!—I wandered upon the banks of the Alster. I gazed upon the stream, and already began to measure in fancy, whether these waters or my sorrows were the deepest. The Duke saw me, and I was followed to my miserable home.—He discovered my abode, threw himself at my feet, and swore that he loved me. [*She stops for a moment, through excess of agitation; then proceeds in a faltering voice.*]—All the images of my childhood now revived with seducing splendour in my breast.—Dark as the grave, gloomed before me a comfortless futurity.—My heart burned and panted to beat against another heart:—I sank upon the Duke's! [*Turning away.*] Now then condemn me.

CASIMIR.

[*Excessively affected, follows, and detains her.*]

Lady!—Heaven and earth! can I believe my senses?

senses ? What have I done ! What a soul have I insulted ! My crime unveils itself to my eyes, and shocks me with its deformity. Curses on my inhumanity ! It makes me abhor myself.—No, lady, no ; you never can forgive me !

AUGUSTA.

[Returns, having endeavoured to compose her agitation.]

Hear me yet further.—The Prince, 'tis true, conquered my undefended youth ; but the blood of the Norfolks still glowed within my veins.—“Thou, Augusta,” whispered to me in dreams my father's spirit ; “Thou, once an high-born English Princess, canst thou deign to be the concubine of a German Prince ?”——Virtue and fatality still combated in my bosom, when your Duke conducted me to Brunswic, and a scene the most revolting was placed before my eyes. The voluptuousness of the great is an insatiable hyæna, the craving of whose appetite demands perpetual victims. Dreadfully had she laid this country waste : she had separated the bridegroom and the bride, and torn asunder the godlike bonds of marriage. Here she had destroyed the tranquil happiness of a whole family ; there she had lured into the snares of luxury a young inexperienced heart. Wherever I looked, I saw the traces of debauchery ; wherever I turned me, I heard dying pupils of the school of vice groan out their instructor's name in blasphemy
and

and curses ! Then stepped I forth, the champion of offended virtue.—I placed myself between the lamb and the tiger, in a moment of dalliance obtained from the Duke his princely promise, and he chained down the power of his nobles in the bonds of law. To the sacrifice of the humble did I put a final stop, and my arms became the shelter of the helpless, the innocent, and the poor.

CASIMIR. [*Uneasy.*]

No further, lady ! Oh ! speak no further !

AUGUSTA.

This melancholy period gave place to another yet more melancholy.—The court was thronged with the outcasts of French and Italian luxury. The Duke's sceptre was the play-thing of flattering Parisian harlots, and the people bled and groaned under the government of their caprice. Each of these lived her day ; but none could maintain her influence against mine : they showed themselves honoured by the Duke's attachment ; I convinced him, that the marks of mine did honour to himself : they still bade him remember, that he was their sovereign ; I bade him forget, that he was any thing but my slave. My rivals sank into obscurity, and I remained the undisputed mistress of his heart. Then did I govern the tyrant's sceptre, who slumbered voluptuously in my embrace : then first did thy country, Rosenberg, feel the hand of humanity,

nity, and reposed in confidence on the bosom of Augusta.

[*A pause, during which she gazes upon him tenderly.*] Oh ! that the only man whom I

wish not to mistake my character, should now compel me to become a boaster, and scorch my tranquil virtues in the blaze of admiration !——Rosenberg !

..... in silence and unobserved I have aided the poor and the despairing ; I have burst open the doors of prisons ; I have cancelled warrants for the death of innocence. Many a frightful eternity upon the galleys have I shortened ; many a decree which separated body and soul, have I changed to milder punishments. Into wounds beyond my power to heal, I have poured that balsam which at least allayed their anguish : I have hurled into the dust many a powerful villain ; and often have I, with an harlot's tear, preserved inviolate the chastity of virgins. Ah ! Youth, how sweet were then my feelings ! How patiently, how proudly, could my heart support the reproaches of my princely blood, when a fresh draught taken myself from the cup of shame prevented it from ever reaching the lips of Innocence !——And now comes the man, whose love can alone repay me for all that I have suffered ; the man, whom perhaps my exhausted destiny created as my recompense for former sorrows ; the man, whom I already clasp in my dreams, burning with love, with esteem, with adoration !

F

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR. [*Interrupting her.*]

Hold, Lady, hold ! You exceed the limits of our conference ! You should have cleared yourself from reproach, and you make me appear the most abject of criminals ! Spare me, I beseech you ! Spare my heart, which is rent in pieces by confusion and remorse !

AUGUSTA.

You must hear me, Casimir !—must hear me now, or never. Long did the heroine submit to hear your insults ; now *you* must feel in your turn, must feel the whole burthen of these tears ! Mark me, Rosenberg ! Should an unfortunate, impetuously, irresistibly attracted towards you, clasp you to her bosom full of unutterable inextinguishable love ; Rosenberg ! Should this unfortunate, bowed down with the consciousness of shame, disgusted with vicious pleasures, heroically exalted by the instigations of virtue, throw herself thus into your arms ; [*Embracing him in an eager and supplicating manner.*—should she do this, and you still pronounce the freezing word “*Honour!*” Should she pray, that through you she might be saved, that through you she might be restored to heaven ! [*Turning away her head, and speaking in an hollow faltering voice.*] Or should she, her prayer refused, to escape from your image listen to the voice of despair, and plunge

plunge herself into yet more fearful depths of infamy and vice

CASIMIR. [*Breaking from her.*]

No, by Heaven ! This is not to be endured ! Lady, I am compelled Heaven and earth compel me to make the honest avowal of my sentiments and situation.

AUGUSTA. [*Hastening from him.*]

Oh ! not now ! By all that is holy I entreat you, spare me in this cruel moment, when the stabs of a thousand daggers torture my heart. Be your decision life or death, now I cannot will not hear it !

CASIMIR.

Forgive me, best of women ! I am compelled to disobey you. What I have to say will moderate my offence, and be an apologist for the injustice of my former conduct.—Lady, I expected nay I wished to find you deserving my contempt: I came determined to insult you, and make myself the object of your hate. Had my purpose succeeded, happy had it been for us both ! [*He pauses ; then proceeds in a low and supplicating voice.*] Lady, I love ! I love a maid of low extraction ; Julia Munster is her name, an harper's daughter. [*Augusta turns away pale and trembling.*—I know into what an abyss I plunge myself ; but though prudence bids me conceal my passion, honour over-

powers its murmurs. I am the criminal ; I first destroyed the golden calm of Julia's innocence ; I lulled her heart with immeasurable hopes, and gave it up, like a betrayer, a prey to the wildest of passions. You will bid me remember my rank, my birth, the anger of my father But I love ! My hopes become more fervent, as the breach becomes wider between nature and convenience, between my resolution and the prejudice of the world. Let me see, whether love or interest will longest keep the field ! [*Augusta has now thrown herself upon the sofa, and covers her face with both her hands.—Casimir approaches her, and says in a gentle voice,*] Have you aught to answer, Lady ?

AUGUSTA.

[*In a tone of the most absolute dejection.*]

Nothing Nothing but that you destroy yourself and me and with us yet a third.

CASIMIR.

A third ?

AUGUSTA.

Never can you marry Julia ; never can you be happy with me. We shall be all your father's victims. I must not hope to possess the heart of an husband, whom force alone compelled to give me his hand.

CASIMIR.

Compelled, Lady ? Compelled to give ?—He

was

was compelled, and yet he gave it?—Lady, Lady! Will you *accept* an hand without an heart? Will you tear a man from a woman, who is the whole world of that woman? Will you tear a woman from a man, who is the whole world of that man? Will *you* do this, you but a moment past the admirable English Princess?

AUGUSTA.

I will, because I must! [*With firmness.*] My passions, Rosenberg, yield to my tenderness for you; but my honour can do no more. Our union is the talk of the whole city. Every eye, every arrow of raillery is bent against me. 'Twere a disgrace which time could never wash out, should a subject of the Prince refuse my hand! Appease your father, if it is in your power: look to yourself, since my resolution is taken: both for your sake and my own I must let the mine blow up. Rosenberg, farewell! Think upon my words, upon the words of a distracted woman! [*Exit.*

[*Casimir remains in silent terror and astonishment for some moments; then recovers himself, and rushes hastily through the folding doors of the apartment.*]

SCENE VI.

*Munster's House.**Munster meeting Julia and Elizabeth.*

MUNSTER.

Aye ! aye ! I knew this would be the end of it !

JULIA.

[Hastening to him with anxiety.]

Of what, Father, of what ?

MUNSTER.

My cloak there—Quick, quick ! I must to him instantly—My cloak, I say !—Yes, yes ! this was just what I expected !

JULIA.

Father, for God's sake !

ELIZABETH.

What is the matter, Munster ? What alarms you ?

MUNSTER.

Matter ? What is the matter ? Hark, woman ! The tempest has broken loose, and upon you will it vent its fury !

ELIZABETH.

Upon me ? Such is ever your decision : whatever happens, I am ever the cause.

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

You are the cause! Lightning and thunder!
Who is the cause, if you are not?—This very
morning when you prattled of this vile seducer.....
said I not at the moment, that the consequence
..... Oh! patience! patience!—Hark you, Eli-
zabeth! Warbeck has revealed your secret.

ELIZABETH.

Gracious God!—But how know you this?

MUNSTER.

How do I know it?—Look yonder! a servant
of the Minister waits at the house-door to conduct
me to his master.

JULIA.

[*Turning pale, and sitting down.*]

Oh! God! Is it possible?

MUNSTER.

And you too with that languishing air?—
[*Laughs spitefully.*—Right! Right!—To whom-
ever sorrow is destined the Arch-Fiend sends a
handsome daughter.

ELIZABETH.

But why so positive that Julia is in question?
You may have been recommended to the Duke;
he may wish to place you in his orchestra.

MUNSTER.

May the sulphurous rain of Hell consume thee!
Orchestra—thou serpent! Aye, where the groans

and sighs of Pandars shall rise in sad unison with thine ! [*Throwing himself upon a chair.*] Oh ! God in Heaven ! Undone ! Undone !

JULIA.

Father !—Mother !—Oh ! I am so sick at heart !

MUNSTER.

But let me once have the seducer in my power ! Be it in this world, or the next, let me but have him in my power ! I will murder him, though he had a thousand lives ! I will write my injuries upon his skin so clearly, that the crimson marks shall be seen on the Day of Resurrection !

ELIZABETH.

Aye, aye ; curse, storm, and threaten ! This passion will assist us admirably ! Hear me, God in Heaven, hear and protect me ! What can be done ? What counsels shall we follow ? Speak, Munster, speak ; this silence distracts me !

MUNSTER,

I will instantly to the Minister ; I will be the first to reveal to him the whole affair. As for you, who knew the business before me, you could have given me an hint of what was passing : the girl might yet have been advised ! it might still have been time to save her ! But, No ! Some other employment was still found out for me : I was still sent out of the way, first upon one pretence, then upon another. Now take care of your own affairs :
manage

manage for yourself, and drink deep of the cup of sorrow, which your own hands have prepared. My resolution is fixed : I take my daughter on my arm, and away with her over the borders.

SCENE VII.

Munster, Elizabeth, Julia. Casimir.

CASIMIR.

[Rushes in, terrified, and out of breath.]

Is my father here ?

JULIA.

His father ? God Almighty !

ELIZABETH.

The Minister here ? Oh ! then our fate is certain !

MUNSTER.

[With a malicious laugh.]

God be praised ! God be praised ! Now we shall have our reward !

CASIMIR.

[Hastening to Julia, and clasping her in his arms.]

Mine thou art, though heaven and hell be thrown between us !

JULIA.

JULIA.

I faint !——Speak, Casimir : Didst thou not mention a fearful name ? Thy father ?

CASIMIR.

Be not alarmed : the danger has passed over us. I have thee again ; again hast thou me ! Let me recover breath on thy bosom. It was a dreadful hour !

JULIA.

What was a dreadful hour ? Answer me, Casimir ! You kill me with apprehension. What hour was that ?

CASIMIR.

[Drawing back gazing upon her earnestly, and speaking in a solemn tone.]

An hour, Julia, when a stranger's form interposed between my heart and thee : when my love grew pale before my conscience : when Julia ceased to be every thing to Casimir ! *[Julia sinks back upon her chair, and conceals her face. Casimir stands before her in silence ; at length he quits her suddenly, and exclaims in the greatest agitation,]* Never, never ! Barons, 'tis impossible ; you ask of me too much. Never can I sacrifice this innocence to your virtue. No, by the eternal God ! never can I recall my oaths, which, loud as the thunder of Heaven, solicit from this breaking eye ! —Look here, Augusta ! Inhuman father, look here!

Shall

Shall I destroy this angel? Shall my perfidy make an hell of this heavenly bosom?—I will bear her before thy throne, Almighty Judge! Thy voice shall declare if my affection is a crime. [*He takes her by the hand, and raises her from her seat. She leans upon his bosom.*] Take courage, my beloved! thou hast conquered: a victor come I back from the most dangerous of combats!

JULIA.

No, no, Casimir, conceal nothing from me. What has happened? You named your father! You named the Barones! The shivering of Death seizes my heart!—They say, she will soon be a bride: Whose bride must she be?

CASIMIR.

[*Falling at her feet.*]

Mine, dear unfortunate!

JULIA.

[*After a pause, with forced tranquillity and a calm though faltering voice.*]

So!—That is well!—Why am I thus terrified? The old man yonder often told me that it would be so!—But I was obstinate, and never would believe him. [*A second pause, after which she throws herself weeping into Munster's arms.*] Father, receive your child again! Father, forgive me! 'Twas not your daughter's fault, that the dream was so heavenly, and so terrible the waking.

MUNSTER.

Julia, Julia ! My daughter ! My poor child !
Curse upon the seducer ! Curse upon the bawd,
who threw thee upon his bosom !

ELIZABETH. [*Weeping.*]

Daughter, do I deserve this curse ? God forgive
you, Baron ! How has this lamb merited to be
murdered by you so barbarously ?

CASIMIR. [*Resolutely.*]

Be not terrified ; dry up your tears. I will
counteract the Minister's schemes : I will pierce
the curtain of his intrigues : I will break through
these iron chains, forged for our torment by the
injustice of prepossession. Free as a man should
be, will I make my choice, and crush these insect
souls with the giant weight of my attachment !——
Julia, for one hour farewell.—[*Going.*]

JULIA. [*Follows him trembling.*]

Stay, oh ! stay !—Father ! Mother ! He deserts
us in this fearful hour !

ELIZABETH.

The Minister will come hither ! He will misuse
us ! He will misuse our child !—and yet you can
think of leaving us, Baron ?

MUNSTER. [*Laughs wildly.*]

Leaving us ? Leaving us ?—What should de-
tain him ? The girl can give him nothing more.
Yet go he shall not ! [*Grasping Casimir with one
band, and Julia with the other.*] Patience, young
Sir !

Sir ! The way from my house passes over this dam-
 sel's corse. If you possess one single spark of ho-
 nour, wait here for the Minister : relate to him,
 how you seduced her young inexperienced heart ;
 excuse her weakness ; acknowledge your own vil-
 lainy : or by that God, who made me !
[Throwing Julia in Casimir's passage with violence
and passion.] in my presence shall you crush this
 trembling worm, whom love for you bowed down
 to shame and infamy !

CASIMIR.

[Returns, and walks backwards and forwards, sunk
in the deepest meditation.]

'Tis true, the Minister's power is great
 paternal authority is an important word ; even
 crimes should be respected, when concealed in the
 folds of its garment.—He may push that authority
 far.—Far ?—Yet not so far as love can reach. Hear
 me, Julia, thy hand in mine ! *[Clasping it firm-*
ly.]—So sure as God shall visit me upon the bed
 of death, I swear, that the moment which separates
 these two hands, rends asunder the thread which
 binds me to existence !

JULIA.

You terrify me !—Look from me !—Your lips
 tremble ; your eye rolls fearfully !

CASIMIR.

No, Julia ; thou hast no cause to fear. 'Twas
 not

not delirium which prompted the oath : 'twas the most costly present of Heaven ; decision, in that valuable moment, when an oppressed bosom relieves itself by some great action unheard of till then !—Julia, I love thee ! Julia, thou must still be mine ! 'Tis resolved !——And now for my father !
[*Going.*]

SCENE VIII.

Munster, Elizabeth, Julia, Casimir. Count Rosenberg, with Servants.

COUNT.

So ! Here I find him . . . [*All start in terror, except Casimir.*]

CASIMIR.

[*Retiring a few steps.*]

In the house of innocence . . .

COUNT.

Where a son may learn disobedience to his father.

CASIMIR.

Permit me to

COUNT. [*Interrupting him.*]

Silence ! [*To Munster.*]—Are you her father ?

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

I am Munster, the musician.

COUNT. [*To Elizabeth.*]

And you her mother?

ELIZABETH.

Her unfortunate mother.

CASIMIR. [*To Munster.*]

Father, lead Julia to her chamber: she is near fainting.

COUNT. [*Roughly.*]

Superfluous precautions!—Leave her, I say; I will rouse her from this stupor. [*To Julia.*] How long have you been acquainted with the Minister's son?

JULIA. [*With timidity.*]

With the Minister's son I am unacquainted. Casimir has been known to me since November.

CASIMIR.

And since that time has adored her!

COUNT. [*To Julia.*]

Has he given you assurances of love?

CASIMIR.

But a few minutes past, the most solemn in the presence of God.

COUNT. [*To his son angrily.*]

You were not desired to speak. [*To Julia.*] I wait your answer.

JULIA.

JULIA.

He swore eternal affection to me . . .

CASIMIR.

And will keep my oath.

COUNT. [*To Casimir.*]

Your observations may be spared. [*To Julia.*]
Did you receive his vows ?

JULIA. [*With tenderness.*]

I gave him mine in return.

CASIMIR. [*Resolutely.*]

No more need to be said, my Lord : the agreement was mutual, and is closed irrevocably.

COUNT. [*To Casimir.*]

Must I command your silence ?—[*To Julia.*]
And he paid handsomely, no doubt ?

JULIA.

[*After considering for a moment.*]

Pardon me ; I do not understand your question.

COUNT.

[*With a sneering laugh.*]

You do not ? Nay, I would only hint, that . . . as every thing has its price, I hope you have been more provident than to bestow your favours gratis :—or perhaps you were generous enough to spare him the expence, and content yourself with sharing in the pleasure ? How was it ?

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR. [*Furiously.*]

Hell and confusion ! Did any other dare

JULIA.

Casimir, how dearly your affection costs me !

CASIMIR.

Father, though 'twere clothed in beggar's weeds, honour should teach you respect to the feelings of virtue.

COUNT.

A most excellent remark ! The father is bad to respect his son's strumpet !

JULIA.

Oh ! Heaven and Earth ! [*She sinks lifeless on the floor.*]

CASIMIR. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Father, you gave me life, and you had a right to demand it back from me : but my debt is now discharged. [*Replaces his sword in the scabbard, and points to Julia.*—Look on that damsel ! There lies the bond of filial duty for ever rent in twain !

MUNSTER.

[*Who has stood apart trembling, now comes forward, by turns gnashing his teeth in rage, and shbrinking back in terror.*]

If your Excellence will permit me to say a few words, I must observe to you, that a child is its father's second self.—Who hurts my child hurts

G

me,

me, and I never received an insult without returning it two-fold.—Excuse my freedom.

ELIZABETH.

God protect us! Now the old man breaks out!
[*To Munster.*]—Oh! silence! silence!

COUNT.

What, would the Pandar vindicate the Harlot's conduct? Pandar, we shall speak together presently.

MUNSTER.

You mistake me, my Lord. My name is Munster, a name till now uncoupled with that of Pandar. Alas! Procuring seldom falls to the lot of tradesmen, since their superiors are so ready to accept the office.

ELIZABETH.

Oh! Munster, do not incense the Count: reflect that you destroy yourself and us by this insolence.

CASIMIR.

You play but a sorry part here, my Lord, and these witnesses could well be spared at its performance. [*Pointing to the servants.*]

MUNSTER.

[*Coming nearer, and with firmness.*]

Your Excellence governs this land: through the whole dukedom can you dispose of all things, as suits your own will and pleasure: but permit
me

me to remark, that here alone you have no power. This is my house : I have never shut its door inhospitably ; but I still possess the right to shut it against an unbidden and unwelcome guest : your Excellence is the best judge, whether you come under this description.

COUNT.

[Pale with anger, and approaching Munster.]

How ? Is it possible, that you dare

MUNSTER.

[Retiring a few steps.]

I mean not to offend, but I must repeat, that this is my house. No doubt, your Excellence has understood my meaning.

COUNT.

Insolent villain ! In a dungeon shall your meaning be explained. *[To his servants.]*—Call in the officers of justice !—Away ! *[Some of the attendants go out.—The Count paces the stage with a furious air.]*—Shall such wretches counteract my designs ? Shall the bonds which unite the parent and the son be separated with impunity ? No, by Heaven ! The father shall to prison ; to the house of correction the mother, and her strumpet daughter ! Justice shall lend her sword to my rage ; and such dreadful satisfaction will I take for this insult, that the mere relation of your sufferings shall make the heavens shake with fear ! Tremble, miscreants !

in your blood will I flake my hate ; the whole brood of you will I sacrifice to my vengeance !——
[Julia begins to come to herself.]

CASIMIR.

[Advancing with an intrepid air.]

Oh ! not so !——Fear not, friends ! I am your protector.——Be not so madly rash, my Lord ; no violence, if you respect yourself. There is a corner of my heart, where the name of father was never yet heard : Oh ! press not into that !

COUNT.

Silence, unworthy boy ! Raise not still higher the violence of my rage.

MUNSTER.

Elizabeth, look to your daughter : I hasten to the Duke. I will tell him my story, and he cannot refuse protection to our innocence. Heaven surely inspired me with the thought ! Farewell, I fly to the Duke !——*[Going.]*

COUNT.

Stop the old man ! *The attendants place themselves in Munster's passage : he returns slowly.]*——
 To the Duke, say'st thou ? Hast thou forgotten, that I am the torrent, over which thou must spring, or perish ? To the Duke, thou fool ? Go to him, when half dead, half living, thou liest in a dungeon buried five fathoms below the earth, where light and sound were never permitted to pierce ;
 where

where darkness gazes on hell with gloting eyes,
and the soul's perdition lies slumbering in the arms
of despair ! Then gnash thy teeth in anguish ;
then rattle with thy chains, and groan out,—“ Wo
is me ! Oh ! I have gone too far ! ”

SCENE IX.

*Count Rosenberg, Casimir, Munster, Elizabeth, Julia,
Servants, Officers of Justice.*

CASIMIR.

*[Flying to Julia, who utters a loud shriek, and re-
lapses into insensibility.]*

Julia !——Help, for God's sake ! Terror over-
powers her frame !

*[Munster puts on his hat and cloak, and prepares to
follow the Officers.—Elizabeth throws herself on
her knees before the Count.]*

COUNT. *[To the Officers.]*

Arrest these offenders in the Duke's name.—
Boy, let go the strumpet ! Senseless, or not, she
must from hence ; when once in the house of cor-
rection stripes shall recall her to her senses.

ELIZABETH,

Mercy, my Lord ! Oh ! Mercy ! Mercy !

G 3

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

[Snatching her from the ground with violence.]

Kneel to God, woman, and not to miscreants !
My fate is decided, and I must hence to prison.

COUNT.

[Gnashing his teeth with fury.]

To prison, wretch ? In that your reckoning may be false. There is still sufficient room in the galleys. *[To the Officers.]* Must I repeat my orders ? *[They approach Julia : Casimir places himself before her.]*

CASIMIR. *[Drawing his sword.]*

Who dares to seize my bride ? Let him alone presume to lay his finger on her, whose life is already forfeit to the axe ! *[To the Count.]* Be merciful to yourself, Father ; do not drive me to extremities !

COUNT.

[To the Officers in a threatening voice.]

If my orders are not instantly obeyed
——*[They attempt to seize Julia.]*

CASIMIR.

Hell and furies ! Back, villains, back ! *[Driving them away.]*—Father, I speak it to you once again : Force me not to commit an action, of which we shall both repent.

COUNT. *[To the Officers.]*

Cowards ! Is this your obedience ?——*[They again approach Julia.]*

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

Then since it must be so, Justice forgive me !
Hence, hence, I say ! [*Wounding some of them.*]

COUNT.

[*Exasperated to the utmost.*]

Let me see, whether I too must feel your weapon !—[*He seizes Julia (who is still insensible), raises her up, and delivers her to an Officer.*]

CASIMIR. [*Laughing bitterly.*]

Father ! Father ! Your conduct is a galling satire upon Providence. How little must she understand man's nature, when she makes bad statesmen of excellent executioners !

COUNT. [*To the Officer.*]

Away with her !

CASIMIR.

Father, I cannot prevent you from sending her where you will ; neither can you prevent your son from sharing her misfortunes. Are you still unmoved ?

COUNT.

If you share in her sorrows, you will have but your deserts : if you share in her punishment, you will make it still more exemplary and amusing.—
[*To the Officers.*] Away ! You know my will.

[*Casimir forces Julia from the Officer who holds her, seizes her with one arm, and with the other points his sword at her bosom.*]

G 4

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

Father, rather than tamely see my wife branded with infamy, will I plungethis sword in her bosom. Are you still unmoved ?

COUNT.

Do it, if the point is sharp enough.

CASIMIR.

[Restores Julia to the Officer, and casts a dreadful look towards heaven.]

Be Thou witness, Almighty God, that I have left no human means untried to save her ! Now then I must take my refuge to means infernal.—
[To the Count.] Sir, she is in your power : do with her what you will, But remember, while you bear her to punishment, I shall be relating certain secrets to the Duke ; they will teach him by what means villains may become ministers ! *[Exit,*

COUNT.

[As if thunder-struck.]

How ? What said he ? Just God ! Should he be so mad, *[To the Officers.]* Release her !—Stay, Casimir ! Oh ! stay, my son, my son !
[Exit hastily on one side, followed by the Officers and Attendants.—Munster and Elizabeth convey away Julia (still fainting) on the other.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*Count Rosenberg's.**Count Rosenberg, Warbeck.*

COUNT.

IT was a dangerous situation !

WARBECK.

I always apprehended this event. Opposition makes enthusiasm grow desperate, but never makes of it a proselyte.

COUNT.

I had placed my whole reliance upon the success of this attempt. I made no doubt, but if the girl was once rendered infamous, he would be obliged in honour to resign her.

WARBECK.

That idea might have been verified, had your precautions for making her infamous been more certain of success ; but ere you could bring her to
that

that point, you were compelled to abandon your design.

COUNT.

Yet when I reflect coolly I should not have suffered myself to be over-awed. He never could be serious in his threats !

WARBECK.

Do not encourage that persuasion. There is no folly too gross to be adopted by desperate passion. You tell me that the Baron has always looked upon your government with an eye of disapprobation : I can readily believe it. The principles which he brought with him from college, ever seemed to me ill-calculated for shining in our atmosphere. What have the fantastic visions of personal nobility and generosity of soul to do in a court, where 'tis the perfection of wisdom to be great and little by turns, as convenience may direct ? The Baron is too young, too fiery to take pleasure in watching the slow serpentine progress of intrigue. That alone can give movement to his ambition, which seems glorious, open, and romantic !

COUNT. [*Impatiently.*]

But how do these sagacious remarks advance our affairs ?

WARBECK.

They will point out to your Excellence the spot where the wound lies ; perhaps they may enable you to discover its cure. Permit me to proceed.—

Knowing

Knowing him to be possessed of such a character, either you should never have made a confident of your son, or never have shewn yourself his enemy. Perhaps till now no one but the *son* has closed up the lips of the *betrayed*. Free him entirely from the bonds imposed upon him by the first appellation; by assailing his passion with repeated storms, convince him that you are not an affectionate father, and that instant will the duties of a patriot press upon him with irresistible violence. He has long looked with disgust upon the measures which raised you to your present dignity; nay, perhaps, unassisted by any other sentiment, the idea of bringing to justice a culprit so remarkable may have charms sufficient for his romantic mind to extort a full confession.

COUNT.

Warbeck! Warbeck! To what an horrible abyss do you hurry me!

WARBECK.

Fear not, my Lord; Warbeck shall conduct you back from it. May I speak without restraint?

COUNT.

[Throwing himself into a seat.]

Freely, as a tormented fiend to the fiend who wails beside him.

WARBECK.

Thus then, since you permit it. When you sought the place of Minister, you trusted your cause
to

to courtly Diffimulation, and you gained your point: to her who has once succeeded so fully, why not entrust the interests of the father? I remember with what seeming openness you invited your predecessor to a feast, and the night was passed in all the confidence of society: yet on that night was the great mine blown up, and the contents of the bowl, in which he drank your health, sent the kind-hearted fool to heaven. Why did you not in this affair use the same circumspection? Casimir should never have seen you in an hostile light; he should never even have suspected that his attachment was revealed to you. You should have begun your attack on Julia's side, and still should have been careful to preserve your son's affection. You should have played the prudent general, who attacks not the flower of the hostile troops, but cautiously singles out those squadrons on whom his onset is most likely to make impression.

COUNT.

And how should I have managed this?

WARBECK.

In a manner the most simple; nor is the game as yet entirely lost. Impress upon your mind for the present, that you are a father: measure not your strength against an affection, which opposition only makes more powerful: leave the affair to me, and the serpent, who now corrodes your plans, shall be poisoned with its own venom.

COUNT.

COUNT.

I am eager to know your meaning.

WARBECK.

Either my knowledge of characters is very little, or the Baron is not less impetuous in jealousy than in love. Make him suspect the damsel's constancy: whether the charge is probable or not, does not much signify. One spark of suspicion will be enough to set the whole arsenal of his temper in flames.

COUNT.

But where shall we find that spark ?

WARBECK.

Now then I come to the point : but first explain to me, how much depends upon the Baron's compliance. How far is it of consequence, that the romance with the harper's daughter should come to a conclusion, and his union take place with the Baroness Augusta ?

COUNT.

Can you still ask me, Warbeck ! You are conscious, that my whole influence is lost should Augusta's hand be refused, and that my life is in danger, should I compel my son to accept it.

WARBECK.

Now then listen to me. The Baron shall be entangled in the nets of Artifice, and against his mistress must her whole force be employed. A letter shall

shall be dictated to Julia filled with expressions the most injurious to your son, the most flattering to the person to whom it is addressed, and be it our care to throw it into Casimir's way.

COUNT.

Absurd proposal ! She will not be ready to sign her own death-warrant.

WARBECK.

She cannot avoid it, if you will let me follow my own plan. I know her gentle heart thoroughly ; she has but two vulnerable sides, by which her conscience can be attacked : they are her Father and the Baron. The latter is entirely out of the question ; consequently, the more use must be made of Munster.

COUNT.

And that use must consist in

WARBECK.

A measure, which I will now explain. From what your Excellence states to have passed in his house, it will not be difficult to terrify the father with the threats of a criminal-process. Some of his expressions went far beyond the limits of respect : the person of his favourite, and of the keeper of the seals, is in some shape the shadow of the Duke himself, and he offends the latter who blemishes the former's reputation. I know that Munster is naturally fearful ; though spirited up
awhile

awhile by his daughter's ill-treatment, he is in truth timidity itself. He will easily credit our assertions, tremble at our menaces, and go any lengths to avoid the phantom of high-treason.

COUNT.

But recollect, Warbeck; the Baron has my secret; the affair must not become serious.

WARBECK.

Nor shall it. It shall be carried no further than is necessary to frighten Julia into our toils. The harper, therefore, must be arrested instantly: to make the necessity yet more urgent, the mother also shall be conveyed away; and then much may be spoken of corporal pain, of eternal imprisonment, of the galleys, of the scaffold, and the rack. With a scare-crow composed of these materials, I would engage to terrify the poor wretches through a needle's eye! The price set upon Munster's pardon shall be the letter which I mentioned; terror will not permit Julia to examine all the consequences of the step, and this point once obtained

COUNT. [*Eagerly.*]

Excellent! Excellent! Now I understand you.

WARBECK.

Julia loves her father I might say, even to adoration! The danger threatening his life, or

at least his freedom the reproaches of her conscience for being the cause of his misfortunes the impossibility ever to become the Baron's the confusion of her brain, which I take upon myself to disorder all these considerations make our plan certain of success. Julia cannot fail to be entangled in our nets.

COUNT.

But my son ? Will he not instantly have the business explained to him ? Will it not make him yet more desperate ?

WARBECK.

Be that my care to prevent. The parents shall not be set at liberty, till Julia has taken the most solemn oath to keep the transaction secret, and never to reveal the deceit which we put upon your son.

COUNT.

An oath ? Ridiculous ! What restraint can an oath be ?

WARBECK.

None upon us, my Lord, but the most binding upon people of Julia's stamp. Observe, how dexterously by this measure we shall both reach the goal of our desires. The damsel loses at once the affection of her lover, and her good-name : the parents will lower their tone, when they find to what a situation their haughtiness has reduced them ; and weakened by misfortune, and by the obloquy

obloquy which will be poured upon them from all sides, will think me merciful, when by giving her my hand I re-establish their daughter's reputation.

COUNT.

[Shaking his head, and smiling.]

Artful villain! No devil could spin a finer snare! The scholar excels his master, and I confess myself outdone. The question is next, to whom the letter must be addressed? Upon whom shall we throw the suspicion?

WARBECK.

It must be necessarily upon some one, whose consequence is sufficient to authorize an infidelity to your son.

COUNT.

[After a moment's reflection.]

What think you of the Marshal?

WARBECK.

The Marshal? Were I Julia Munster, he would not be my choice!

COUNT.

And wherefore not? High in rank, costly in dress, lively in manner, breathing perfumes, and accompanying every insipid speech with a purse of ducats—surely he possesses qualifications enough to overcome the delicacy of a tradesman's daughter. I shall send for the Marshal immediately.

WARBECK.

While your Excellence takes care of him, and

H

of

of the harper's arrest, I will home, and prepare the letter, which Julia must transcribe.

COUNT.

[Seating himself at the table.]

Do so; and when 'tis finished, bring it hither for my perusal. *[Exit Warbeck.]*

COUNT.

[Having written, rises from the table.]

Who waits there? *[A servant enters; the Count gives him the paper.]* Let this arrest be executed without a moment's delay, and inform Marshal Ingelheim that I have something to impart to him of the greatest consequence.

SERVANT.

The Marshal's carriage has just stopped at your Lordship's door.

COUNT.

Good! For the arrest, take such precautions, that no opposition can possibly be made to it.

SERVANT.

I will take care, my Lord.

COUNT.

You understand me? The business must be done without the least disturbance.

SERVANT.

Your Excellence shall be obeyed.

[Exit Servant.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Count Rosenberg, Marshal Ingelheim.

MARSHAL. [*Hastily.*]

I can stay with you but one moment, my dear friend ! I am hastening to the theatre. Will you go ? They give this evening for the first time the most brilliant opera ! The name is Dido.—There will be the most superb conflagration ! A whole city burns at once ! And you will be at the burning, will you not, my dear Count ?

COUNT.

Not I, Marshal. I have a conflagration in my own family, which threatens the destruction of my whole dignity and fortune. Be seated, my dear Ingelheim. You arrive at the very moment when I was most anxious to see you. You must advise me nay, you must aid me powerfully in a certain business, the event of which will either exalt us to the very pinnacle of glory, or level all our hopes with the ground.

MARSHAL.

You alarm me beyond expression.

COUNT.

As I said before, it must either exalt or level us

H 2

entirely !

entirely ! You know my project respecting Casimir and the Baroness : you are not ignorant, how necessary is this union to secure the fortunes of us both. Alas ! Marshal, we must abandon all hopes of its completion. My son refuses to accept Augusta.

MARSHAL.

Refuses ? Refuses to accept her ?—But, my God ! I have been publishing the news through the whole town. The union is the general topic of conversation.

COUNT.

Then you must contradict all that you have been saying ; for, in short, Casimir loves another.

MARSHAL.

Abfurd ! Is that an obstacle ?

COUNT.

With such an enthusiast the most insurmountable.

MARSHAL.

Can he be mad enough to reject so advantageous a connexion ?

COUNT.

Ask him the question, and observe what he will answer.

MARSHAL.

But, my God ! what can he answer ?

COUNT.

That he will discover to the world the means,
by

by which I obtained my present station, and you secured that of which you were already possessed ; that he will deliver to the Duke our forgeries and false receipts, and with his own hands conduct us both upon the scaffold. That is what he will answer.

MARSHAL.

Are you distracted ?

COUNT.

Nay, that is what he has already answered. He was at one time determined to put his threats instantly into execution ; and my most absolute submission, and positive assurances never more to mention to him Augusta's name, could scarcely persuade him to abandon his design. What say you to this, Marshal ?

MARSHAL.

Your intelligence both surprises and confounds me ! Our secret in the keeping of such a mad-man

COUNT.

Yet as the sacrifice of *my* plan has prevailed upon him to relinquish *his*, Casimir's disobedience might prove of no material consequence. A new circumstance, however, makes it a serious affair. Augusta, incensed at the refusal, throws herself into the arms of another ; and Baron Gerstenfield will receive that hand which my son has rejected.

H 3

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.
You drive me distracted ! Whom did you name ? Did you say, " Gerstenfield ? " Know you not, that we are mortal enemies ? Know you not, why we are so ?

COUNT.

The first word that I ever heard of it.

MARSHAL.

You will be astonish'd, when I inform you, at the man's atrocity ! You must remember the famous Court-Gala ; it is now just nineteen years ago. It was the first time that English dances were introduced, and the hot wax trickled from a lustre upon Count Alstein's blue and silver domino. Surely you remember the accident ?

COUNT.

So remarkable a circumstance cannot easily be forgotten.

MARSHAL.

In the heat of the dance the Princess Amelia lost her garter. Immediately every thing that had life was put in motion. Gerstenfield and myself (we were then pages of the chamber) fought through the whole saloon, and for some time without success. At length I discovered the garter : with transport I caught it from the ground ! Gerstenfield had seen it also ! Gerstenfield flies upon me, forces it from me, presents it to the Princess, and obtains from

from her those thanks which were so undoubtedly my due.

COUNT.

The impertinent !

MARSHAL.

I thought I should have fainted upon the spot. A more malicious trick was never played within the memory of man ! At length I recovered myself ; I drew near the Princess, and said in an insinuating tone, " Gerstenfeld, 'tis true, was fortunate enough to present the garter to your Highness ; but he who first discovered that garter, reveals not his merits, but rewards himself in silence."

COUNT.

Admirably said, Marshal ! The speech does credit to your ingenuity.

MARSHAL.

The mean artful flatterer ! But till the Day of Judgment will I remember his conduct on that evening.

COUNT.

Yet this very man will marry the Baroness, and consequently be soon the first in power.

MARSHAL.

You plunge a dagger in my heart ! Why should he marry her ? Why he ? In God's name ! where is the necessity ?

COUNT.

There is not an alternative. Casimir will not ac-

cept her hand, and no party can be found equally advantageous.

MARSHAL.

But is there no means of obtaining your son's compliance ? Let the measure be the most singular, the most dangerous, the most desperate, there is nothing to which I will not readily consent, rather than see the hated Gerstenfield become my superior.

COUNT.

I know but one means of effecting our design, and the success of that rests entirely with you.

MARSHAL.

With me ? Name it, my dear Count, name it !

COUNT.

You must separate Casimir and his mistress.

MARSHAL.

Separate them ? In what consists the utility of the measure, and what have I to do with its execution ?

COUNT.

Every thing is ours, can we but make him credit the girl's inconstancy.

MARSHAL.

Mean you, that I must carry her off ?

COUNT.

By no means ; that would only exasperate my son. No, no ; we must persuade him, that she prefers to him some newer lover.

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.

And that lover

COUNT.

Must be yourself.

MARSHAL.

How? Must I be her lover?—Is she noble?

COUNT.

Singular demand! What matters if she is, or not? No, Marshal; she is the daughter of Munster, the musician.

MARSHAL.

A plebeian? No, Count, I cannot undertake the business.

COUNT.

You cannot undertake it? Ridiculous! Who under the sun, except yourself, would ever ask for the genealogy of two rosy cheeks?

MARSHAL.

But consider for a moment; a married man, my dear Count!—And then my reputation at court will be totally

COUNT.

In truth I forgot that. I beg your pardon, Marshal; I was not aware, that a man of untainted character held an higher place in your estimation than a man of power! Since you prefer reputation to influence, I have nothing more to say. I believe we had better break up our conference.

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.

But be temperate, Count. You did not understand me. Permit me to explain

COUNT. [*Coldly.*]

Oh ! There needs no explanation. You are perfectly in the right, and I am myself weary of the office which I hold. Let matters go as they will ; I shall torment myself no more about them. I wish Gerstenfield success in his administration. The world is wide ; to-morrow I shall request my dismissal from the Duke, and the day after shall quit Brunswick.

MARSHAL.

And what am I to do ? You may talk thus at your ease ! You are a man of learning and abilities ; you can make your fortune elsewhere. But I ! My God ! What shall I be, if his Highness dismisses me ?

COUNT.

A yesterday's jest ; a last year's fashion.

MARSHAL.

Dreadful idea ! I beseech you I entreat you Stifle it, my best Count, stifle it, and I consent to every thing.

COUNT.

Will you lend your name to an assignation, which this Julia Munster shall be supposed to give you ?

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.

I will.

COUNT.

Will you take care to drop a letter which she shall write, where Casimir may find it?

MARSHAL.

Suppose I draw it out with my handkerchief upon the Parade, and let it fall as if accidentally?

COUNT.

And when the Baron questions you, will you support the character of a favoured rival?

MARSHAL.

I will so contrive, that he shall not entertain the least doubt upon the subject.

COUNT.

Good! Now you speak like a man of prudence, and every thing is as I could wish it. The letter shall be written immediately. Come hither in the course of the evening to receive it, and I will then give you further instructions relative to the character which you have engaged to perform.

MARSHAL.

I will be with you the very minute that I have paid sixteen visits of the highest importance. That I may return the sooner, permit me to leave you without ceremony.—[*Going.*]

COUNT.

I reckon upon your punctuality, Marshal.

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.

Upon that head you may be perfectly at ease.

[Exit Marshal.]

COUNT.

So, so, that is well. This fool has been to me an admirable instrument. I have made him participate in all my crimes, without sharing with him the advantages. In truth the task was not difficult; for though his wits are not sharp enough to make him an artful knave, his heart is corrupted enough to calculate him for a malicious villain.

SCENE III.

Count Rosenberg, Warbeck.

WARBECK.

[An open letter in his hand.]

The harper and his wife are secure; they were arrested without the least disturbance. Will your Excellence look over this paper?

COUNT. *[Having read it.]*

Excellent! Excellent, my dear Secretary! Poison like this would convert Health herself into corrupted leprosy! The Marshal too has taken the bait, and consents to father our deceit. Now then
hasten

hasten with my proposals to Munster, terrify him with menaces, soothe him with hopes, and then try your rhetoric on his daughter, while her terrors are still fresh. *[Exeunt on different sides.]*

SCENE IV.

Munster's House.

Julia, Casimir.

JULIA.

Desist, I entreat you. Never must I expect to see another day of happiness. All my hopes are levelled with the ground.

CASIMIR.

All mine are exalted to heaven! My father's passions are roused: he will direct his whole artillery against us; he will force me to become an unnatural son. I shall be no longer restrained by filial duty. Rage and despair will force from me the dark secret, that my father is an assassin! The son will deliver the parent into the executioner's hand, and necessity will make him do a deed without emotion, the bare mention of which now makes him shudder at himself. Nothing but the greatest danger

danger can authorize such a step—and in the greatest danger must I be, when my love dares to take such a giant-spring!—Hear me, Julia! An idea, vast and immeasurable as my affection, forces itself before my soul.—Thou, Julia, and I, and Love!—Lies not a whole heaven encompassed in this circle?—Or dost thou feel, there is still wanting some fourth?

JULIA.

Oh! cease! No more! Already do I tremble, fearful of what you wish to say!

CASIMIR.

If we have no longer a claim upon the world, why should we meanly seek its approbation? Why run a hazard, where nothing can be gained, where all may be lost? Will thine eye sparkle less brightly reflected by the Baltic waves, than by the waters of the Rhine or Elbe? Where Julia is permitted to love me, there is *my* native land! Thy footsteps will make the wildest sandiest desert to me far more interesting than the castle of my ancestors. Shall we miss the pomp of cities? Be we where we may, Julia, a sun will rise, a sun will set; objects, compared to which the most splendid labours of art look pale and tarnished. Though we serve God no more in his consecrated churches, yet the night shall spread her shadows around, and form for us a solemn temple: the changing moon shall
hear

hear our confession, and a glorious congregation of stars join us in our prayers to the Almighty. Think you, our talk of love can ever be exhausted? Oh! No! Conversation for centuries can be found in one of Julia's smiles, and till my life is over, never will I give her occasion for a tear.

JULIA.

Casimir, was it always thus? Hast thou never acknowledged a duty, save that of love?

CASIMIR. [*Embracing her.*]

None, so sacred as thy safety! None, since I first knew thee!

JULIA.

Then cease, and leave me. I have a father, Casimir, who to-morrow will be sixty years old; who possesses no treasure save one only daughter; who, should we fly, must undoubtedly fall a victim to the Minister's vengeance

CASIMIR. [*Interrupting her.*]

And who therefore must become the companion of our flight. Then raise no more objections, my beloved. I leave you for some few hours; I will convert my valuables into gold with all diligence, and, if possible, levy fresh sums on my father. It is lawful to plunder robbers, and his treasures are the price of blood drawn from his countrymen. Mark me, Julia! When the clock strikes one, a carriage will stop at your door; throw yourself into it, and we fly.

JULIA.

JULIA.

Pursued by your father's curse ! a curse, unthinking youth, never mentioned without horror even by assassins ; which the mercy of Heaven withholds from the very robber upon the rack ; which will pursue us fugitives from sea to sea, unceasing and unmerciful ! No, Casimir, no ! If nothing but a crime can preserve you mine, I still have courage to resign you.

CASIMIR. [*Gloomily.*]

Indeed !

JULIA.

Resign you ? Oh ! dreadful is the idea ! Dreadful enough to wound the immortal spirit, and make pale the glowing cheeks of joy ! Casimir ! To resign you !—Yet I cannot resign what I never have possessed, and your heart was and is the property of your station. The attempt to secure you mine, was theft, was sacrilege, and, shuddering at myself, I withdraw my claim.

CASIMIR.

[*Turning away his head, and biting his under lip.*]

You withdraw it !

JULIA.

Turn not away ! Look upon me, dearest Rosenberg. Gnash not your teeth so furiously ! Come, let my example awaken your slumbering virtue ; let me be the heroine of this moment. I will restore to a father his fugitive son : I will break a connection,

nection, which divides the bonds by which the citizen-world is held together, and which destroys the established limits of society, the wise distinctions of rank, the universal and eternal order of the creation. I am the criminal. My bosom nourished itself with wild and foolish wishes, but the fault has brought with it the punishment. I must lose you, Casimir! Ah! Let me at least enjoy the sweet, the flattering idea, that what I feel a misfortune was occasioned by an act of heroism: let me at least be persuaded, that I was not compelled to resign you, but wilfully gave you up a sacrifice to my respect for justice! Casimir, shall this last satisfaction be denied me? [*Casimir, stupefied with agitation and anger, strikes a few wild chords upon a lute, which lies upon the table; then, in a sudden impulse of madness, he dashes the instrument upon the ground, breaks it in pieces, and bursts out in frantic laughter.*] — Rosenberg! — God in Heaven! What mean you? — Be not thus unmanned; this hour requires fortitude; it is the hour of separation. You have a heart, my Rosenberg; I know it thoroughly: warm as life is your love, and without limits, like the Omnipotent: bestow it upon a woman, more noble, more worthy, than poor Julia; then need she not envy the most fortunate of her sex! [*Striving to repress her tears.*] — Me shall you see no more! Leave the vain forsaken girl to bewail her folly and presumption amidst the lonely

walls of a cloister. Fast flow her tears ; no one will grieve to see them flow ! Dead are my hopes ; barren are my prospects : yet shall a smile sometimes play upon my cheek, when I gaze upon the faded wreath of former pleasures ! [*Giving him her trembling hand, while her face is turned away.*] Baron of Rosenberg farewell !

CASIMIR.

[*Recovering from the stupor in which he was plunged, seizes eagerly the hand which she offers to him.*]

Julia, I fly from Brunswic ! Do you Do you indeed refuse to follow me ?

JULIA.

[*Concealing her countenance with the other hand.*]

My duty bids me stay, and suffer.

CASIMIR.

[*Frantically, while he throws her from him with disdain.*]

Serpent ! 'tis false—Another, a tenderer motive chains you here !

JULIA.

[*In a tone of the most heartfelt sorrow.*]

Encourage that belief : haply it may make our parting more supportable.

CASIMIR.

What ? Oppose freezing duty against fiery love, and hope that the delusion can deceive me ? No, no, no ! Hope it not, false one. 'Tis a rival, 'tis
a rival

a rival makes you dread the quitting Brunswic !
—But should my suspicions be confirmed
woe be to thee and him ! [Exit.

SCENE V.

JULIA.

[*She remains for some time motionless in the seat upon which she has thrown herself, seemingly overpowered and stupefied by the violence of her grief. At length she rises, and comes forward slowly, looking round her fearfully.*]

Where can my parents loiter ? My father promised to be absent but a few minutes ; yet full six dreadful hours have passed since his departure. Should any accident God ! God ! What would then become of me ? Why does my heart beat so violently ? [*Here Warbeck enters, and remains unobserved in the back ground.*] It can mean nothing. — 'Tis but the terrible delusion of my over-heated blood. When once the soul has imbibed into itself a portion of terror, the eye beholds spectres in every object.

SCENE VI.

Julia, Warbeck.

WARBECK.

So solitary, damsel ?

JULIA.

[Perceives him, and starts back in terror.]

God ! Who speaks ?——Ha ! Dreadful ! dreadful ! Some fearful event will soon explain the forebodings of my soul ! *[To Warbeck, with disdain.]* Is it the Minister you seek ? He is no longer here.

WARBECK.

Damsel, I sought for you.

JULIA.

I marvel then, that you bent not your course towards the prison.

WARBECK.

What should I there ?

JULIA.

Behold me bleed beneath the beadle's lash.

WARBECK.

You wrong me, Julia, if you suppose

JULIA. *[Interrupting him.]*

What is your business with me ?

WARBECK.

I come the messenger of your father.

JULIA. [*Starting.*]

My father ! Oh ! Where is my father ?

WARBECK.

Where he would fain not be !

JULIA.

Quick, quick, for God's sake ! Answer me !
Oh ! my foreboding heart ! Where is my father ?

WARBECK.

Since you compel me to speak he is in
the Tower.

JULIA.

[*Throwing a look towards heaven.*]

This also ! This new misfortune must
needs fall upon me !—In the Tower, said you ?
And wherefore in the Tower ?

WARBECK.

By the Duke's order

JULIA.

The Duke's ?

WARBECK.

Who thinking his own dignity offended by the
insults offered this morning to his Representative,
Count Rosenberg

JULIA.

How ? How ? Oh eternal Omnipotence !

WARBECK.

Has resolved to inflict upon Munster the most
exemplary punishment.

JULIA.

This was still wanting ! This was Oh !
Yes, yes ; I feel that my heart still loves another
besides Casimir ! This was a cruelty that could not
escape the Count. The Prince's dignity offended ?
Heavenly Providence ! Rescue, oh ! rescue my
sinking faith ! [*After a moment's pause, she turns
to Warbeck.*] And Casimir ?

WARBECK.

Must choose between the Baroness's hand and
his father's curse and disinheritorship.

JULIA.

Dreadful choice !—Yet is he more fortunate
than Julia : he has no father to lose ; . . . yet
to have no father is to be sufficiently unfortunate !
My father imprisoned for treason ? My Casimir
doomed to a strumpet's bed, or a parent's execra-
tion ! Excellent ! Excellent ! Villainy, when so
perfect, is still perfection ! Perfection ? No ; some-
thing is still wanting to complete it.—Where is
my mother ?

WARBECK.

Confined for life in the common prison.

JULIA.

[*Clasping her hands together, with a wild laugh.*]

Now then the measure is full !—It is full, and
I am free ! I am released from all duties ! and
all sorrows ! and all joys !—Released even
from

from futurity ! I have nothing now to do with it ; I have nothing left to hope, or fear ! [*A dreadful pause ; after which she continues with forced tranquillity.*] Perhaps you have something more to communicate ? Proceed, Sir, proceed. I can support the tidings.

WARBECK.

You are already informed of what has happened.

JULIA.

Of what *has* happened, but not of what is yet to happen !——[*Another pause, during which she examines Warbeck with a look of pity and contempt.*]—Wretched man ! You have undertaken a melancholy employment ! Its execution can never prosper with you ! To make men miserable is a sufficiently sad office ; but 'tis an horrible one to inform them that they are so ! 'Tis dreadful to be the first to shriek out the screech-owl's song, to stand by when the bleeding heart trembles upon the iron shaft of necessity, and to hear poor Christians doubt the existence of a God. Heaven preserve me ! Wert thou paid a ton of gold for every anguish-tear which thou seest trickle down the cheek of mourners, man, would I not be a wretch like thee ! Answer me, I charge thee ! What is there yet to happen !

WARBECK.

I know not.

I 4

JULIA.

JULIA.

You will not know. This light-shunning embassy trembles at the sound of words, but the spectre shews itself in the death-silence of your countenance. What will be the consequences of my father's arrest? You said the Duke will inflict upon him the most exemplary punishment. What call you exemplary?

WARBECK.

Ask me no more.

JULIA.

Hear me, man! Was not some executioner thy tutor? Else couldst thou know to rend open the palpitating veins, so coldly, so deliberately, and, by healing with pity's balm the wounds of the bleeding bosom, enable it to exist for some torture more severe? What fate awaits my father? Death is in what you say with a smile: then what must that be which you disclose with sorrow? Speak! Cover me at once with the whole burthen of your tidings. Answer me, Warbeck; what has my father to apprehend?

WARBECK.

A criminal process.

JULIA.

And what is that? I am an ignorant innocent girl, and understand but little of your fearful terms of law. What mean you by a criminal process?

WARBECK.

WARBECK.

Judgment upon life, or death.—And the latter must be upon the rack!

JULIA.

That is sufficient. Sir, I thank you.

[Exit hastily by a side-door.]

WARBECK. *[Alarmed.]*

What means she? Has she any suspicion? Confusion! Surely she will not dare I am responsible for her actions, and should any accident I follow her instantly.—*[As he is going towards the door, Julia returns, her veil thrown over her arm.]*

JULIA.

Your pardon, Sir; I must lock up the house.

WARBECK.

Whither in such haste?

JULIA. *[Passing him.]*

To the Duke.

WARBECK.

[Alarmed, detains her.]

How? Whither?

JULIA.

To the Duke. Canst thou not hear me? Even to that very Duke, who must decide upon my father's life, or death. Yet I wrong him; 'tis not he who must decide, but the villains who surround his throne. The Duke has no share in the process,
fave

save that he lends to it the shadow of his Majesty insulted, and must put his seal and signature to the death-warrant of a man, of whose name and whose offence himself is totally unconscious. Warbeck, I hasten to the Duke!

WARBECK. [*Laughing.*]

To the Duke!

JULIA.

I know the meaning of that contemptuous laugh. You would tell me, that I shall find no compassion in the Prince. But be it so. Though I *may* find in him (God preserve me!) nothing but disgust, disgust at my complaints, yet will I to the Duke. I have been told that the Great never know what misery is; that they wish not to know it. I will teach the Duke *what misery is*: I will paint to him, in all the convulsions of an expiring daughter, *what misery is*: I will shriek to him in tones, that shall corrupt the marrow in his bones, *what misery is*: and when, at my description, his hair stands bristling with terror, will I, to conclude, whisper in his affrighted ear, that in the hour of death the sinews of these earthly gods shall shrivel and shrink, and till the Day of Judgment the bones of beggars and kings shall lie rotting in one common grave. Now will I to the Duke.—[*Going.*]

WARBECK. [*Maliciously.*]

By all means to the Duke! You can do nothing
more

more prudent, and I advise you heartily to the step. Let me not detain you. Only go, and I give you my word, that the Duke will grant your suit, and spare the life of your father.

JULIA. [*Stopping suddenly.*]

How said you? Did you advise the step? [*Returns hastily.*] What am I about to do? Something dreadful surely, when this man approves it. How know you that the Prince will grant my suit?

WARBECK.

Because he will not grant it unrewarded.

JULIA.

Not unrewarded? And at what price will he rate his humanity?

WARBECK.

He will think himself amply paid by the favours of the fair suppliant.

JULIA.

[*With a vacant stare.*]

Almighty God!

WARBECK.

And I trust, that you will not think your father's life over-valued, when 'tis purchased at so honourable a price.

JULIA. [*In despair.*]

True, true, oh! true! Truth may attack the Great in vain, entrenched behind their own vices, safely as behind the swords of Cherubims. The
Almighty

Almighty protect you, Father ! Your child would sacrifice her life to save you, but cannot sacrifice her virtue.—[*Throws her veil upon the table.*]

WARBECK.

This will be sorry news for the poor desolate old man.—“My Julia,” did he say, “has thrown me to the ground ; my Julia will again raise me from it.” He was deceived ! Farewell, damsel ; I hasten to him with your answer.—[*Going.*]

JULIA.

Stay, stay ; one moment’s patience. How nimble is this Satan, when the point is to drive a wretch distracted ! “I have thrown him to the ground ? I must again raise him from it ?” Speak to me ! Counsel me ! What must I, what ought I to do ?

WARBECK.

There is but one means of saving him.

JULIA.

What is that means ?

WARBECK.

Your father approves of it.

JULIA.

Does my father ? Oh ! Name that means.

WARBECK.

It is easy for you to execute.

JULIA.

I know nothing difficult but the task of incurring guilt.

WARBECK.

WARBECK.

Suppose you promised to break off your connection with the Baron?

JULIA.

To release him from his engagements is already done. To release him from his love for me lies not in my power.

WARBECK.

You mistake me, charming Julia. Casimir himself must resign you willingly, and be the first to dissolve the bonds which now unite you.

JULIA.

That will he never do. Oh! I know Casimir's heart too well to doubt its constancy!

WARBECK.

So it appears: but we have recourse to you, because nothing but your power can annihilate that passion, which nothing but your power has inspired.

JULIA.

I cannot compel him not to love me.

WARBECK.

That must we try. Be seated.

JULIA. [*Drawing back.*]

Man! What is brooding in thy artful brain?

WARBECK.

Be seated, I repeat. Here are the implements
for

for writing : there are paper, pens, and ink upon the table. Write what I shall dictate to you.

JULIA.

[Sitting down with uneasiness.]

What must I write ? To whom must I write ?

WARBECK.

To your father's executioner.

JULIA.

Fiend ! Fiend ! How well thou knowest how to torture souls to thy purpose ! *[Takes a pen.]*

WARBECK.

[Takes out a paper, from which he reads.]

" My dear Lord, *[Julia writes with a trembling hand.]* Since I last beheld you, three days, three " insupportable days have already pass'd—already " pass'd. How your absence must have grieved me, " yourself may easily conjecture—"

JULIA.

[Stops, and lays down her pen.]

To whom is the letter ?

WARBECK.

To your father's executioner.

JULIA.

Oh ! my God !

WARBECK.

" Yet no one is in fault but Rosenberg—but Ro-
" senberg—

“senberg—who (fore against my will, believe me)
“watches me with all the vigilance of an Argus.”

JULIA.

[Starting from her seat.]

Villainy ! Villainy past example ! To whom is
the letter ?

WARBECK.

To your father's executioner.

JULIA.

[Wringing her hands.]

No, no, no ! This is tyrannical ! Oh ! Heaven,
if mortals provoke thee, punish them like mortals ;
but wherefore must I be placed between two preci-
pices ? Wherefore am I hurled by turns from
death to infamy, from infamy to death ? Where-
fore is my neck made the foot-stool of this blood-
sucking fiend ? No, Warbeck ; do what thou wilt,
I write not that !

WARBECK.

[As on the point of leaving her.]

As you please, my fair-one. It rests entirely
with your own pleasure.

JULIA.

Pleasure, say'st thou ? With my own pleasure ?
Go, Barbarian ! Suspend some wretch over the
abyss of hell, blaspheme the Almighty, urge the
trembler to abjure his God, and then tell him, “It
rests with his own pleasure !” Oh ! Thou knowest
but

but too well that no chains can bind hearts so firmly as the bonds of nature ! Proceed, Sir, proceed. —Now every thing is become indifferent. I am resolved. Dictate, and I write ; I will reflect on nothing more. Artifices of hell, I yield to ye !—
[*She resumes her seat at the table.*]

WARBECK.

“With all the vigilance of an Argus.” Have you written it ?

JULIA.

Proceed, proceed !

WARBECK.

“The Minister was here yesterday : It was ridiculous beyond idea to observe how warm the Baron was in defence of my honour.”

JULIA.

Excellent ! Excellent ! Oh ! Admirable ! Quick, quick, go on !

WARBECK.

“I was obliged to counterfeit a swoon, that I might not betray myself by laughing.”

JULIA.

Oh ! Just Heaven !

WARBECK.

“But the mask of affection which I have worn so long, at length becomes insupportable—in supportable.—In short, I shall seize the first opportunity to rid myself of this importunate lover.”

JULIA.

JULIA.

[Rises, and walks a few turns with her head bent down, as if she sought something upon the floor: then returns to her place, and continues to write.]

"This importunate lover."

WARBECK.

"With your assistance this will be no difficult task. He is on duty to-morrow. As soon as he leaves me, I shall fly to the usual place." Have you written "the usual place?"

JULIA.

Every thing, every thing!

WARBECK.

"There you may depend upon finding your fond, your impatient Julia!"

JULIA.

Now then the address.

WARBECK.

"To Marshal Ingelheim."

JULIA.

Eternal Providence! A name as foreign to my ears, as these scandalous lines to my heart! [She rises, and for some moments surveys the writing with a vacant gaze. At length she gives it to Warbeck, speaking in a voice trembling and exhausted.] Take it, Sir! What I now put into your hands is my good name is Casimir is the only blessing of my life! You have it, and I am a beggar.

K

WARBECK.

WARBECK.

Oh ! Not so ! Despair not, lovely Julia. You interest me beyond expression ; you inspire me with the most heart-felt pity ! Perhaps Who can answer for what may happen ? Perhaps I may still be induced to overlook certain parts of your conduct. Amiable unfortunate girl, how I compassionate your sorrows !

JULIA.

[Giving him a piercing look.]

Do not explain yourself ! You are on the point of asking somewhat dangerous.

WARBECK.

[Attempting to kiss her hand.]

What if I asked this little hand ? *[She draws it back with disdain.]*—How, Julia ?

JULIA.

[With vehemence, but with firmness.]

Were I to give it you, it should plant a dagger in your heart on the bridal night : for such a deed I could expire upon the rack with pleasure ! *[Warbeck starts alarmed and astonished at the violence of her manner : Julia continues in a milder tone.]* Is there yet more to be done, Sir ; or may the persecuted dove fly away ?

WARBECK.

A trifle yet remains, damsel. You must with me to the Carmelite Monastery ; there you must
take

take the most solemn oath to acknowledge this letter for your free and voluntary act, and that you never will discover the means by which it was forced from you.

JULIA.

God ! God ! Thine own sacrament must affix the seals which confirm the bonds of devils !— Well, be it so. [*She covers her face with her veil.*] Warbeck, lead on ; I follow you ! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

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ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

*Count Rosenberg's.**Casimir, meeting a Servant.*

CASIMIR.

[An open letter in his hand.]

IS the Marshal here ?

SERVANT.

My Lord, I was seeking you : the Count desires

.....

CASIMIR.

Hell and confusion ! I ask, is the Marshal here ?

SERVANT.

He is: but his Highness the Prince has just sent for him.

CASIMIR.

Though his Highness the Prince of Hell had sent for him, I would speak with him first. Bid him come hither ! Hence !

[Exit Servant.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

CASIMIR.

[*Gazing upon the letter.*]

It is not possible!—No!—It is not possible. A form so heavenly cannot hide so fiend-like an heart.—And yet and yet Oh! 'tis evident! Though angels should descend on earth to vouch for her innocence! Though the Creator and the creature should unite their voices to vouch for her innocence! Yes, yes, the case is plain.—It is her hand.—Treachery, monstrous infernal treachery, such as before humanity never witnessed! Therefore was it, that she refused so resolutely to share my flight: therefore was it Oh! God! Now I awake from my dream; now the veil is rent, which obscured my eye-sight Therefore was it, that with such seeming heroism she gave up her claims on my affection. A moment longer, and I had credited the heavenly deceit! [*He traverses the chamber hastily; then stops for some moments in meditation.*]
 —To dive so well into my every sentiment!—To re-echo every daring wish, every scarce-heard timorous emotion, every impetuous fiery throb!—To understand the feelings of my soul, expressed by some

momentary tone, most fine, most indescribable !—To count with me tear for tear !—To follow me to the steepest precipice of the passions !—To look down with me unterrified upon the most dangerous abyss of ruin !—God ! God ! And this was all grimace ! Grimace ? Oh ! If Falsehood can assume so lovely an appearance of Truth, how comes it, that no devil has lied himself back into heaven ?

When I pointed out to her the dangers which menaced our affection, with what convincing artifice did the false-one's colour change ! With what commanding dignity did she disprove my father's licentious scoffs ; yet in that very moment the woman knew that she was guilty ! Nay, did she not herself hold out the fiery proof of truth ? Forsooth, the hypocrite fainted ! What must now be thy language, Sensibility, since coquettes have learnt to faint ? How wilt thou now clear thyself, Innocence, since strumpets have learnt to faint ?

She knows what she has made of me : she knows my very heart ! My soul shone conspicuous in my eyes at the blush of her first kiss. And then did she feel nothing ? Perhaps, only felt the triumph of her arts ! When my fortunate delirium fancied that in her I embraced a whole heaven ; when my wilder wishes were silent ; when no thought was present to my mind but eternity and the damsel ; God ! Did she then feel nothing ?

Nothing,

Nothing, but that her artifice had succeeded ? Nothing, but that her charms were flattered ? Death and vengeance ! Nothing, but that I was betrayed ?

SCENE III.

Casimir, Marshal, Ingelheim.

MARSHAL. [*Entering gaily.*]

I am told, my dear Baron, that you wish

CASIMIR.

To send you to another world. [*Aside.*] True, Marshal, I sent for you. I have this letter to restore to you ; you dropped it on the Parade, [*With a malicious smile.*] and my good stars ordained, that I should find it.

MARSHAL.

That you should ?

CASIMIR.

Oh ! It was the most fortunate accident !—As I happened to know the hand, I made bold to examine the contents.

MARSHAL.

You alarm me, Baron ! Did you really

CASIMIR. [*Giving him the letter.*]

Read it, read it ! [*Turning from him*] Though

the lover is discarded, the Pandar may still be of use.—[*While the Marshal reads, Casimir draws his pistols from his girdle.*]

MARSHAL.

[*Throws the letter upon the table, and prepares to leave the room.*]

Confusion !

CASIMIR.

[*Detaining him by the arm.*]

Patience, my dear Marshal ! The intelligence contained in that letter was doubtless agreeable, and the finder must have his reward. [*Shewing him the pistols.*]

MARSHAL. [*Alarmed.*]

Have you your senses, Baron ?

CASIMIR.

[*In a terrible voice.*]

More than sufficient to rid the world of such a wretch as thou art !—Take it, I say ! [*He forces a pistol into the Marshal's hand, and then draws out his handkerchief.*]—And next hold the end of this napkin ; it was embroidered, and given to me by the strumpet !

MARSHAL.

What, fire over the handkerchief ? Baron, are you mad ? What mean you ?

CASIMIR.

Take it, I say ; else you will miss me, coward. How the coward trembles ! Coward, before the
moon

moon rises, you shall be before the throne of God.
—[*The Marshal throws away the pistol, and falls upon his knees.*]—Softly ! Softly ! Fear not but your soul shall be prayed for. [*Snatching him violently from the ground, and bolting the door.*]

MARSHAL.

You will not fight in the chamber ?

CASIMIR.

Oh ! 'Twill be excellent here ! The report will be louder, and for the first time you will make some noise in the world. Take your pistol.

MARSHAL.

Yet consider, young man, consider, what hopes, what prospects you sacrifice !

CASIMIR.

Take up your pistol, I say ! I have nothing more to do in this world.

MARSHAL.

But I have much, Casimir, but I have much.

CASIMIR.

Thou, wretch, thou ? What hast thou to do, but to fill up a void, when men are scarce ? To become in one moment seven times long, and seven times short, like the butterfly when it writhes upon a needle ? To be the flatterer of a Prince's vices, and the whetstone upon which he sharpens his wit ? Well, well, 'tis better so : I must to hell, and thou shalt with me to furnish me sport. Thou shalt dance to the
howling

howling of the damned, shalt bow, and cringe, and flatter the fiends, and amuse with your courtly arts the eternally despairing!

MARSHAL.

Oh! Spare me, spare me! Away with the pistols, for God's sake!

CASIMIR.

How he stands there, the trembling son of sorrow! Stands there to the reproach of the last Creation Day. He looks, as if some bad artist had copied him from the Almighty's original. And with such a being to share her heart! Monstrous! Unaccountable! To share it with a wretch, better formed to be an antidote to pleasure, than to excite desire and lust!

MARSHAL.

Praised be Heaven! He grows calm.

CASIMIR.

No; he shall live. That toleration which spares the caterpillar shall also be of benefit to him. We look at the reptile, shake our heads in contempt, perhaps admire the wise disposition of God, who can feed his creatures with the very refuse of the ground; who prepares the raven's meal at the gibbet, and the courtier's in the filth of majesty. Then do we wonder at the policy and justice of Providence, which even in the world of spirits rewards the adder and the blind-worm for the exportation
of

of their poison. [*Relapsing into rage.*] But upon my rose this insect shall not creep; sooner will I crush it into atoms, thus, and thus, and thus again. [*Dashing him upon the ground.*]

MARSHAL.

Oh! Gracious God! How shall I escape from this maniac?

CASIMIR.

Villain! If she is no longer chaste! Villain! If thou didst riot, where I adored! [*Madly.*] If thou wert a libertine, where I fancied myself a god! [*Stopping suddenly; then continuing in a solemn terrible voice.*] It were better for thee, villain, to fly to hell, than meet my wrath in heaven! How far is the girl thine? Answer me instantly.

MARSHAL.

Let me go! I will confess every thing.

CASIMIR.

Oh! It must seem more rapturous even to be her licentious paramour, than to burn with the purest fondest enthusiasm for any other maid! She has charms that can reduce the value of the soul, and equalize the transports of virtue and voluptuousness? [*Putting his pistol to the Marshal's breast.*] How far is your connection advanced? Answer me, or I fire this moment!

MARSHAL.

There is nothing in the affair! There is no word
of

of truth in the whole business. We have deceived you from the very beginning, and the Minister himself

CASIMIR. [*Furiously.*]

You have deceived me, wretch ! I know it well, and must I be remembered of it ? Answer my question without delay. How far is your connection with the girl advanced ? You are dead, unless you confess the truth.

MARSHAL.

You mistake my words ! Only listen. To break off her connection with you, her father

CASIMIR.

Threw his daughter into your arms ? Why, what care I ? Answer me directly to my question, or I murder you. How far is your connection advanced ? Tell me ! Tell me ! Tell me ! [*Shaking him violently.*]

MARSHAL.

You rave ! You will not hear me ! I never spoke to her ! I never saw her ! I know her not !

CASIMIR. [*Drawing back.*]

Thou hast never spoken to her ? Thou hast never seen her ? Thou knowest her not ? Julia is lost for ever for thy sake, and thrice in one breath hast thou denied her ? [*Opening the door with disdain.*]

Go, wretch, go ; powder were thrown away on miscreants like thee. [*Exit Marshal.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CASIMIR.

[*A long silence, during which his countenance declares him to be agitated by some dreadful idea.*]

For ever lost? Yes, false unfortunate, lost are we both! Aye, by the Almighty God! If I am lost, thou art so also. Judge of the world, ask not the damsel from me! The damsel is mine. I exchanged your whole world for the damsel; I renounced your whole excellent creation. Leave me the damsel, Judge of the world! Millions of souls sigh after thee; turn on them the eye of thy mercy: Judge of the world, abandon me to myself! [*Clasping his hands with passion.*] Can the Great, the All-powerful Creator be avaritious of one miserable soul, and that soul the worst in his creation? The damsel is mine! The damsel belongs to me! to me, who was once her god; to me, who am now her devil! [*A pause: he fixes his eyes upon a point with terrible expression.*] An eternity passed with her upon the rack of everlasting perdition!—Her melting eye-balls rooted on mine! Our blazing ringlets entwined together! Our shrieks of agony dissolving into one!—And then to repeat to her the proofs of my affection! And then to remember her of her broken oaths!—God! God! The union is dreadful.

dreadful but eternal !—[*Rushing from the apartment. Count Rosenberg meets him.*]

SCENE V.

Casimir, Count Rosenberg.

CASIMIR. [*Starting back.*]

Ha ! My Father !

COUNT.

Casimir, I fought you. My business, I think, will not displease you, though probably it will excite no small surprise. Shall we be seated ?

CASIMIR.

[*After gazing upon him for some time with a vacant stare.*]

My Father ! [*Going to him with emotion, and taking his hand.*] My Father ! [*Kissing it, and falling at his feet.*].—Oh ! My Father !

COUNT.

What is the matter ? Rise, my son. Your hand burns, and trembles !

CASIMIR.

[*With eager phrensy.*]

Pardon my ingratitude, Father ! I am a man, whom God has abandoned. I have ill repaid your kindness.

kindness. Your meaning was so truly good, so truly paternal ! Oh ! You have a prophetic soul ! Now it is too late. Pardon ! Pardon ! Bless me, best of fathers, bless me for the last time !

COUNT. [*Feigning astonishment.*]

Rise, Casimir. Recollect, that your words to me are riddles.

CASIMIR.

This Julia, my Father ! Oh ! You understand mankind ! Your anger was so just, so noble, so truly the zeal of a father ! Had not the warmth of your wish to save me made you mistake the road to my heart, I must have been undeceived. This Julia ! This Julia !

COUNT.

Spare me, dear youth ! You torture me by these complaints. I curse my severity : I load myself with reproaches. I am now come to appease, and entreat you to forgive my cruelty.

CASIMIR.

To appease me, Father ? Rather say, to curse me. Your inflexibility was wisdom ; your severity was heavenly mercy. This Julia, my Father

COUNT.

Is a lovely, an admirable girl ! I recall my too rash suspicions. She has effaced all my prejudices, and won my entire approbation.

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR. [*Starting up.*]

How, Father ? Your approbation ? Has she won yours too ? And is it not so, Father ? Is she not a creature, enchanting as innocence itself ? And it is so natural to love this woman !

COUNT.

Say rather, 'twere a crime not to love her.

CASIMIR.

Oh ! monstrous ! 'Tis not to be believed ! And you, who know so well what passes in the heart ! And you, who saw her faults with the eyes of hatred ! Has she won your approbation, Father ? Yours also ? Oh ! Hypocrisy ! Hypocrisy without example ! This Julia, Father

COUNT.

Is worthy to be my daughter. Her virtues shall supply the want of ancestry ; her beauty the want of fortune. My reasons yield to the violence of your attachment. Casimir, be Julia yours.

CASIMIR.

[*Clasping his hands in agony.*]

This was still wanting ! [*Embracing his father eagerly.*] Father, farewell for ever !

[*Rushes out of the apartment.*]

COUNT.

Stay, my son ! Wherefore do you fly me ?—

Excellent !

Excellent ! Excellent ! Every thing is as I could wish :—Now then let the venom work !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Saloon.

The Baronefs Augusta, Catharina.

AUGUSTA.

You ſaw her then ? And will ſhe come ?

CATHARINA.

In a few moments ſhe will be here. She was in her ordinary apparel, and only requested time ſufficient to make ſome neceſſary change in her dreſs.

AUGUSTA.

Speak not of her. Silence ! I tremble like a criminal, when ſo near beholding that fortunate woman, whoſe heart beats thus cruelly in uniſon with mine. How did ſhe receive my meſſage ?

CATHARINA.

She ſeemed confuſed, became thoughtful, and was ſilent for ſome minutes. I was already prepared to hear her excuſe herſelf, when ſhe returned me this answer in a tone that aſtoniſhed me : “ Tell

L

“ your

"your lady she commands that, which I should
"to-morrow have made it my request to do."

AUGUSTA.

Leave me, Catharina! Oh! I deserve compassion.
I must blush, if she is but an ordinary woman, and
despair, if she is more!

CATHARINA.

It is not in this humour, lady, that a rival should
be received. Remember who you are; call to your
assistance your birth, your rank, your power! A
prouder soul should heighten the proud splendour
of your appearance.

AUGUSTA.

What means this folly?

CATHARINA. [*Maliciously.*]

Or, perhaps, it is by chance that exactly to-day
the most costly brilliants must sparkle in your ring-
lets? It is by chance, that the most studied dress
must heighten every natural beauty? that your
anti-chamber must swarm with guards and pages,
and that the tradesman's daughter must be re-
ceived in the most stately apartment of your palace?

AUGUSTA.

Confusion! Insupportable! Oh! what lynx eyes
have females for female imperfections! How low,
how irretrievably low must I have fallen, when
this creature is able to dive into my thoughts!

SCENE VII.

The Baroneſs Auguſta, Catharina. A Servant.

SERVANT.

Julia Munſter waits without, and requeſts admiſſion to your preſence.

AUGUSTA.

[To Catharina in an angry tone.]

Retire!—*[Catharina delays to go.]*—Muſt I repeat my orders? *[Exit Catharina.]*

AUGUSTA.

[Walks a few turns baſtily.]

So; 'tis well that my temper has been heated. Now am I as I would be. *[To the Servant.]* Let her approach. *[Exit Servant.]*

[Auguſta throws herſelf upon the ſoſa in a negligent but graceful attitude.]

SCENE VIII.

The Baroneſs Auguſta, Julia.

[Julia enters with a look of apprehenſion, and ſtops at ſome diſtance from the ſofa. Auguſta remains in the ſame poſture, and ſeems not to obſerve her. Julia ſpeaks at length in a ſoft and timid voice.]

JULIA.

Noble Lady, I wait your orders.

AUGUSTA.

[Turning round, and examining Julia with an haughty air.]

Who is there ? Oh ! I remember. You are undoubtedly a certain What is your name ?

JULIA. *[Gaining courage.]*

My father's name is Munſter. They told me, that you wiſhed to ſee his daughter.

AUGUSTA.

True, true ! I recollect. The poor muſician's daughter, of whom there has lately been ſo much ſaid. *[Aſide.]* Her countenance is intereſting, but yet ſhe is no beauty. *[To Julia.]* Come nearer, damſel. *[Again aſide.]* Eyes well practiſed in weeping. Oh ! How I love thoſe eyes ! *[To Julia.]* Come nearer—Nearer ſtill. Of what are you afraid, my child ?

JULIA.

JULIA.

[*With openness and dignity.*]

Of nothing, Lady. Many would think that I have cause to be afraid, but I despise the opinion of the multitude.

AUGUSTA. [*Aside.*]

Indeed? Aye, 'tis clear: his affection makes her thus arrogant. [*To Julia.*] You are unconscious, perhaps, how strongly you have been recommended to me. I am told that you are well educated, and well disposed. Your appearance indicates no less, and I can easily believe it: in truth, I cannot think, that so warm a friend, as is your advocate, could deceive me.

JULIA.

Forgive me, Lady, but I remember no one of my friends who would willingly recommend me to such a patroness.

AUGUSTA.

Mean you, that I am unworthy to be your patroness, or that you are undeserving my protection?

JULIA.

Your question answers itself, Lady. Recollect the difference between our situations, and you cannot mistake my meaning.

AUGUSTA. [*Aside.*]

Ha! There is a double sense in her words! I expected not such art from that open countenance,

nance. *[To Julia.]* Julia is your name, I think. May I enquire your age?

JULIA.

On my last birth-day I numbered sixteen years; they have been passed in pleasures, which never must return!

AUGUSTA.

[Starting from the sofa.]

Ha! There it is! But scarce sixteen! The first pulsation of desire!—The first sweet silver tone upon the yet unsounded harp! Nothing is more seducing. *[To Julia]* Be seated, lovely girl! Fear not; I wish your good. *[To herself.]* And he too loves for the first time! Can I wonder, if the first beams of the morning's blush should seek and find each other? *[To Julia, taking her hand affectionately.]* Rely upon me, my child: I will study to make you happy. *[To herself.]* Oh! there is nothing in it: nothing, but the sweet swift-flying enthusiasm of youth! *[To Julia.]* Hear me, my charming girl. My principal attendant is on the point of leaving me: you shall have her place. You shall be my friend, and my companion: I will love you, I will take care of you; it shall be my pride to make you feel contented. *[To herself.]* But just sixteen? Oh! it can never last.

JULIA.

[Kissing her hand respectfully.]

Receive my thanks, Lady, for your intended favours,

favours, and believe me not less grateful, than were it in my power to accept them.

AUGUSTA.

[Relapsing into disdain and anger.]

How now ? What insolence ! There was a time, when girls of your station thought themselves most fortunate to obtain such favours as are now offered to yourself. Upon what then do you place your dependance ? Are these fingers too delicate for service ? Or does the red and white of your complexion make you thus vain and haughty ?

JULIA.

Neither my features nor my station, Lady, were left to my own choice : had they been so, haply I had chosen better.

AUGUSTA.

Perhaps, you believe that your beauty will last for ever ? Poor creature ! Whoever bade you think so, let him be who he will, he has deceived the one of you, or both ! The colours of these cheeks are not burnt in with fire : what your glass persuades you to credit solid and everlasting is but a slight surface of gilding, and that gilding must sooner or later rub off in the hands of a purchaser. What then will you do ?

JULIA.

Pity the purchaser, Lady, who unwittingly
L 4 bought

bought a diamond, because its exterior seemed gold.

AUGUSTA. [*Affecting not to hear her.*]

A damsel of your age has ever two glasses, the real one, and her admirer. The rough honesty of the first is counterpoised by the agreeable pliability of the latter. The look, which the one terms dull and sleepy, the other declares to be languishing and soft : the scar, which the one asserts to be a deformity, the other calls a dimple that would improve the cheek of a Grace. The credulous maid believes nothing that the first says to her, until the testimony of the second confirms it. She listens to each alternately, till she confounds their assertions together, and concludes by fancying them to be both of one opinion. Why gaze you on me so earnestly ?

JULIA.

Pardon me, Lady ; I was pitying these so pompously sparkling diamonds, which are unconscious that their mistress is so strenuously a foe to vanity.

AUGUSTA. [*Blushing.*]

You grow too bold ; be silent while I speak, and content yourself with answering my questions. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what could induce you to reject a situation, the only one where you can acquire polish of manners, and free yourself from the ridicule of your plebeian prejudices ?

JULIA.

JULIA.

'Tis true, Lady ; but one of those plebeian prejudices is my Innocence.

AUGUSTA.

Preposterous objection ! The most unruly libertine dares not shew us disrespect, unless we ourselves encourage him by advances. Shew yourself what you are ; make evident the worth and purity of your soul, and I will ensure your innocence from danger.

JULIA.

Of that, Lady, permit me to entertain a doubt. The palaces of the Great are but too often made a theatre for licentiousness the most unbridled. Who will believe, that a poor musician's daughter could heroically plunge into the midst of contagion, and yet preserve untainted herself, and her fame ? Who will believe that a Prince's favourite would hold an eternal scorpion to her breast, and lavish away her wealth upon a low-born maiden, to purchase the risque of every moment feeling her cheeks dyed with the blush of shame ? I will be frank, Lady. While I adorned you for some assignation, would you meet my eye unabashed ? When you regained your home returning from it, would you be able to meet my eyes at all ? Oh ! better, far better would it be, should oceans roll between us, should we draw our breath in different atmospheres ! Look into your heart, Lady. Hours of temperance, moments

ments of satiety may present themselves ; serpents of remorse may plant their stings in your bosom, and then Oh ! what a torment would it be for you to read in the countenance of your hand-maid that peaceful joy, that tranquillity of content, which virtue ever showers upon an uncorrupted heart ! *[Retiring a few steps.]* I fear I have already said too much. Lady, I again entreat your pardon.

AUGUSTA. *[Extremely agitated.]*

Insupportable, that she should tell me this ! Yet more insupportable, that what she tells is true ! *[Turning to Julia, and looking at her stedfastly.]* Girl ! Girl ! this artifice does not blind me ! Mere opinion speaks not so warmly. Beneath the cloak of these prudential maxims lurks some far dearer interest. 'Tis that, which makes my favours seem disgusting : 'tis that, which gives such energy to your discourse : 'tis that, *[In a threatening voice]* which I must discover.

JULIA.

[With unconstrained dignity.]

And what if you should discover it ? Discover it at this moment, when the contemptuous trampling of your foot has roused the injured worm, to whom God gave a sting to protect her against misusage. What if you should threaten me with your vengeance ? Lady, I fear it not. The poor criminal, branded with infamy, and extended on the rack,
can

can look unterrified on the dissolution of the world. My misery is so exquisite, that sincerity can draw down on me no increase of present pain ! [*After a pause.*] You say, that you would raise me from the obscurity of my station. I will not examine the motives of this suspicious favour. I will only ask, why you should judge me so foolish as to look on that station with discontent ; or what should induce you to become the foundress of my happiness, ere you know whether I am willing to receive my happiness from your hands ? I had for ever rent asunder my claim upon the pleasures of the world ; I had forgiven God, that my joys were of so short duration. Ah ! why would you now urge me to seek for them again ? When the Deity hides his beams from the countenance of his creature, so absolutely that even his chief Seraph is blinded by the darkness, why will mortals be so cruelly compassionate ? Lady, Lady ! why is your high-prized happiness so anxious to excite the envy and wonder of the miserable ? Do your pleasures require phrensy and despair to make you sport ? Oh ! if, as you say, you wish me well, rather seek to blind me to the horrors of my barbarous lot, than place before my eyes all the happiness of your fortunes, all the misery of mine ! The insect felt itself so happy in a drop of water, as were that drop an heavenly kingdom : so happy, and so contented ! till some one told it of a world of waves, where
navies

navies rode, and whale-fish sported. — But you would make me happy, say you? [*After a pause, she suddenly approaches Augusta.*] Are you happy, Lady? [*Augusta turns from her hastily; Julia follows her, and lays her hand upon her bosom.*] Does this heart wear the smile of its station? Could we now barter bosom for bosom, and fate for fate; were I, young and innocent, relying on your love, to ask you for counsel, and were you to answer as my mother and my friend, Lady, would you really advise me to the exchange?

AUGUSTA.

Intolerable! Incomprehensible! No, Julia, no; you brought not with you into the world this greatness of thought, and your conceptions are too fiery, too full of youth, to be inspired by your Father. Do not deceive me! I know that some other instructor

JULIA.

[*Looking at her with a penetrating glance.*]

If you already know him, Lady, I marvel that you offer me protection.

AUGUSTA.

[*Starting from the sofa, on which she had thrown herself.*]

It is not to be supported! Yes then, since I cannot escape you Yes, I know him; know every thing; know that of which I would fain be ignorant! [*Stopping suddenly; then continuing*

tinuing with a violence, which by degrees rises to phrensy.] But dare, Unfortunate ! dare but still to love, or to be loved by him !—What did I say ? Dare but to think upon him, or to be one of his thoughts !—I am powerful, Unfortunate ! dreadful in my vengeance !—So sure as there is a God in heaven, thou art lost for ever !

JULIA. [*Undaunted.*]

Beyond the power of that God to relieve me, Lady if ever you can force Casimir to return your love.

AUGUSTA.

I understand you : but return my love he shall not. I will conquer this disgraceful passion ; I will repress my feelings ; I will torture my own heart ; but thine will I crush to atoms ! Rocks and oceans will I hurl between you : I will rush, like a fury, into the heaven of your joys : as a spectre scares the pleasures of assassins, my name shall fright your kisses away : your short life shall be wasted in fear and agony, and that young blooming form shall become a skeleton, while clasped in Casimir's embrace. I cannot be blest with him, neither shall you. Know that, wretched girl ! To blast the happiness of others, shall now become an happiness for me.

JULIA.

An happiness, Lady, of which the heart that loves Casimir can never be susceptible. Ah ! torture

ture not yourself ! I can read in your soul, and even esteem you for this anger, occasioned by love for him, who is most worthy to be loved. No, Lady, no, you cannot deceive me : you are incapable of executing that with which you threaten me ; you are incapable of torturing a creature, who with you has no fault, but that her feelings have been the same with yours.

AUGUSTA. [*Recovering herself.*]

Where am I ? What have I done ? What sentiments have I betrayed ? And oh ! God ! To whom have I betrayed them ? Oh, Julia, noble, glorious, godlike creature ! pardon the wanderings of a maniac's brain. Fear not, my child ! I will injure no hair of thy head ! Name thy wishes. Ask what thou wouldst have ; I will serve thee upon my knees ; I will be thy friend and sister. Thou art poor, Julia ; look upon these jewels, observe this costly palace : thine be the whole but give me Casimir !

JULIA. [*Drawing back.*]

Does she mock my despair ?—Or is she really ignorant of the cruel letter ? Oh ! then I may yet enjoy some moments of heroism, and draw some advantage from my impotence to preserve him. [*Approaches Augusta, takes her hand, and gazes upon her with a melancholy and stedfast look.*] Take him, Lady ! I here make my wilful resignation of him, whom hellish arts have torn from my bleeding bosom !

son ! You know not by that openness of countenance, that generosity of sentiment, even by the violence of your passions, I am convinced that you know not all the mischief of your fatal love. The Minister, the cruel Minister has made you unconsciously the accomplice of his guilt : that veil of unconsciousness am I compelled to rend asunder. Hear me, Lady ; listen to the relation of your unwitting cruelty !—Lady ! You have destroyed the paradise of two lovers ; you have rent asunder two hearts, which God had bound together ; you have crushed a being, whom the Almighty loves as truly as he doth you ; whom he formed as much for happiness, as he did you ; by whom he was loved as well, as he is by you ; but who, from this moment, will never love him more ! But his ear is ever open to receive the last groan of an expiring worm : when souls are murdered in his hands, he will not look on with indifference. Lady, farewell ! Be happy ! [*Kissing her hand eagerly.*] Casimir is yours. Take him, Lady, take him ! Rush into his arms ! Drag him with you to the altar !—But forget not, Oh ! forget not, that with the first kiss of your bridegroom the spectre of a suicide must stand before your soul's eye ! 'Tis the only resource that is left me, and God ! Oh ! God will be merciful !

[*Rushes wildly out of the chamber.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

— *The Baroneſs Auguſta.*

[*She remains in the extreme of agitation, fixing her eyes with a vacant ſtare upon the door by which Julia left her. At length ſhe ſeems to recover herſelf.*]

What was that ? — What lies ſo heavy on my heart ? — What ſaid the Unfortunate ? The dreadful, the damning words ſtill rend my hearing ! “Take him ! Take him !” — What ſhould I take, Unfortunate ? The legacy of your dying groan, the fearful preſent of your deſpair, the bond of your eternal perdition ! God ! God ! Have I then fallen ſo low ? Have I ſo ſuddenly abdicated the throne of my pride, that I hunger for that even to madneſs, which a beggar’s generoſity throws me in the laſt conflict of death ? “Take him ! Take him !” And ſhe ſpoke in a tone ! accompanied it with a look ! — Auguſta ! Auguſta ! For this haſt thou ſprung over the limits of thy ſex ? For this didſt thou court the pompous title of a free Britiſh woman, that the vaunted edifice of thy virtue might ſink before the nobler ſoul of an unprotected low-born maiden ? No, proud Unfortunate ! No ! Auguſta Howard may bluſh for herſelf, but never ſhall be outdone by others. I too have courage
to

to resign him. [*She walks a few paces with an air of majesty.*] Hide thy feelings, weak suffering heart of woman ! Hence, ye sweet golden dreams of love ! Come to my aid, undaunted magnanimity ! Henceforth thou alone shalt be my guide. These lovers are lost, unless Augusta withdraws her claim, and resigns for ever her power in Brunswic. — [*After a pause.*] It is determined ! The dreadful obstacle is removed : broken are the bonds which united me to the Duke. This raging flame is expiring in my bosom : Virtue, into thy arms I throw myself, receive with kindness a repentant daughter ! Ha ! how suddenly is all well within me ! How suddenly do I feel myself so relieved, so exalted above the world ! From the pinnacle of my greatness will I sink to-day, glorious as a setting sun ! Let my grandeur expire with my love : of my proud abdication there shall be no sharer but my heart. [*Approaching the table.*] It must be done immediately ; immediately, ere the recollection of Casimir renews the cruel conflict in my bosom ! [*She seats herself, and begins to write.*]

SCENE X.

*The Baroness Augusta. A Servant.—Afterwards
Catharina.*

SERVANT.

Lady, Marshal Ingelheim is in the anti-chamber,
and brings a message from his Highness.

AUGUSTA.

[Not bearing him in the eagerness of writing.]

How, when he reads my letter, will the illustrious puppet stare! Nay, 'tis singular enough, I own, the presuming to speak truth to a Sovereign. In what confusion will the Court be! How his sycophants will wonder at the daring of a woman!

CATHARINA. *[Entering.]*

Lady, Marshal Ingelheim

AUGUSTA. *[Turning round.]*

Who? The Marshal? Good! Good! This sort of creature was formed for the service of others.
—*[To the Servant.]* Admit him.

[Exit Servant.]

CATHARINA.

[Coming near anxiously. Augusta continues to write with eagerness.]

Excuse my boldness, Lady, but I fear somewhat has disordered you. Julia Munster rushed through
the

the anti-chamber with every appearance of distraction ; you seem inflamed and agitated ; you speak to yourself ; you use violent gestures. Dear Lady, you terrify me beyond expression. For God's sake ! what has happened ?

SCENE XI.

The Baroness Augusta, Marshal Ingelheim, Catharina.

[*The Marshal enters, bowing very respectfully to Augusta, who writes on without observing him. At length he speaks.*]

MARSHAL.

His Highness

AUGUSTA.

[*While she peruses hastily what she has written.*]

He will tax me with the blackest ingratitude !
 " I was a poor forsaken creature, when he found
 " me ; he lavished his favours upon me, and raised
 " me from misery to splendour." Detested favours !
 Horrible exchange ! Annul my bond, seducer ;
 the blush of my eternal shame has repaid my debt
 with interest.

MARSHAL. [*Aside.*]

She seems much occupied : I must hazard the

M 2

disturbing

disturbing her employment. *[Aloud.]* Noble Lady, his Highness bids me ask, whether you mean to honour this evening's gala with your presence?

AUGUSTA. *[Rising.]*

By no means, my dear Marshal: I am provided with occupations of a different kind. In the meanwhile, let that serve for the Duke's amusement. *[Giving him the paper.]*—Catharina, let my carriage be prepared without delay, and my whole household assembled in this chamber.

CATHARINA.

What can this mean? God forbid, that my suspicions should prove true! *[Exit.]*

MARSHAL.

You seem agitated, Lady. May I ask

AUGUSTA.

The cause will be pleasing news for you. Rejoice, my Lord Marshal! There is a place vacant at Court, and you may assist in filling it. The times will be good for Pandars. *[The Marshal throws a look of suspicion upon the paper.]* Read it, read it! 'Tis my desire, that the contents should be made public.—*[Here the domestics enter, and range themselves in the back-ground.]*

MARSHAL. *[Reading.]*

“An engagement, broken by you so lightly,
“cannot have the power to bind my will. The
“happiness of your subjects was the argument
“which

" which induced me to accept of your love.
 " You promised to make your people happy : for
 " three years did I believe them so, and for three
 " years I have been deceived. The veil at length
 " falls from my eyes, and I look on favours with
 " disgust, which trickle with the tears of your sub-
 " jects. Bestow upon your weeping country that
 " love which I can no longer return, and learn
 " from a British Princess compassion to your Ger-
 " man people. Within an hour I shall have quitted
 " your dominions."

The SERVANTS. [In a tone of grief.]

Quitted the dominions?

MARSHAL.

[Replaces the letter upon the table in terror.]

In the name of God, my dear Lady, reflect for one moment upon what you do ! This letter is the death-warrant of the bearer, as well as of the writer !

AUGUSTA.

Be that your care, 'tis none of mine. Alas ! I know it well ; you, and they who resemble you, must suffer for the faults which others commit. But be content, good Marshal : 'Tis the necessary evil of Courts, and you must take the bitter with the sweet. Courage, man, courage ! A true courtier should esteem death an honour, [*In a scoffing tone*] when he dies with the good pleasure of his Highness.

M 3

MARSHAL.

MARSHAL.

Heavens ! What presumption ! I tremble at the very idea of the Prince's rage. But for God's sake, Lady, reflect upon the honourable station which you resign, upon the disgrace which you will bring down upon yourself

AUGUSTA.

[With a look the most haughty and contemptuous.]

"Honourable station ?" *[She turns to the domestics, and speaks the following with the tenderest emotion.]* You seem confounded, worthy people ; you wait with anxiety for the explanation of this riddle. Come nearer, my friends. You have served me truly and affectionately. You looked oftener upon my eyes, than upon my purse. You sought rather to please *me*, than to advantage yourselves. Your duty was your pleasure, *my* approbation your pride. Wo is me, that the remembrance of your fidelity must bring with it the remembrance of my shame ! Wo is me, that the darkest season of *my* life should have been the brightest of yours ! We must part, my children. *[She stops ; her voice is almost choked by the violence of her feelings. After a pause, she continues with a trembling voice.]* The thought of your attachment shall never die in my heart. Would I could reward it ! But the Baroness Augusta exists no longer, and Augusta Howard is too poor to discharge her debts to you. What little wealth I have, let my treasurer share
among

among you. Take it, and may it prosper with you !
 My palace I restore to the Duke ; and believe me,
 friends, the poorest among you will quit it far
 richer than his mistress ! Farewell, my children !
*[She extends her hand to them ; they press to kiss it
 with every mark of sorrow and affection.]* I under-
 stand you, my good people ! My heart feels that
 Oh ! This is too much for me ! *[Hastening
 to the door. The Marshal puts himself in her passage.]*
 Art thou still there, thou pitiable man ?

MARSHAL.

*[Who during her speech had stood motionless gazing
 vacantly upon the letter, now speaks in the accent
 of desperation.]*

And must this letter be given to his Highness ?
 And must *I* be the person to carry it to his High-
 ness ?

AUGUSTA.

Wretched man, even thou. Thou must deliver
 it to his Highness, and must inform his Highness
 besides, that, since I cannot go barefoot to Loretto,
 I will support myself by the labour of my hands, as
 a punishment for having deigned to govern such a
 wretch ! Tell that to your vile master. Hence !

[The Marshal goes off, trembling, and in silence.]

AUGUSTA.

Hark ! 'Tis the carriage. Grandeur, adieu ! I
 fly to poverty and virtue. *[Going : the servants sur-*

M 4

round

round her, kissing her hand, hanging upon her robe,
&c.

SERVANTS.

Mistress! Noble, worthy mistress!

AUGUSTA.

[Tearing herself from them with difficulty.]

Farewell! Farewell for ever! — *[She rushes out, followed by the domestics.]*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Munster's House.

[*Julia sits silent and motionless in the darkest corner of the room, her head reclining upon her hand. After a long pause, Munster enters with a lanthorn; he looks round the chamber with anxiety, but does not observe Julia. He throws off his cloak, lights a taper, and places the lanthorn upon the table.*]

Julia, Munster.

MUNSTER.

SHE is not here.—Still she is not here!—I have wandered through every street; I have sought her with every acquaintance; I have enquired at every door: no one has seen my child! [*A silence of some moments.*] Patience, undone, unhappy Father! Patience till the morning; then perhaps your only one may again reach the shore. God! God! What though my heart doted upon
this

this daughter, doted upon her even to idolatry ; yet surely the punishment is severe ! Heavenly Father ! Surely it is too severe ! I will not murmur, Heavenly Father, but surely the punishment is too severe ! [*Throws himself into a chair.*]

JULIA.

[*Without moving from her seat.*]

Thou dost well, wretched old man ! Murmur not, but accustom thyself in time to losing.

MUNSTER.

[*Starts up eagerly.*]

Art thou there, my child ? Art thou there ? And wherefore thus alone ? Wherefore without light ?

JULIA.

I am not alone. When all things around me are thus gloomy, then have I my best companions.

MUNSTER.

God defend you, my Child ! Why that sentiment ? The worm of conscience alone loves to wake and watch with the owl : none shun the light but criminals and evil spirits.

JULIA.

Not so, Father ; eternity too shuns it, when she speaks to souls lost beyond God's power to save.

MUNSTER.

Julia ! Julia ! Speak not thus, or you will drive me mad !

JULIA.

JULIA.

[Rises, and comes forward.]

I have fought an hard fight, Father; but God has given me strength, and the fight is over. Father, our sex is called soft and fearful; believe it no more. We faint at a spider's approach, but it seems to us mere sport to embrace the black monster, Corruption. There is news for you! Smile, Father, smile; your Julia is light-hearted.

MUNSTER.

Daughter, your groans were preferable to such mirth.

JULIA. *[Laughing wildly.]*

Ha! ha! ha! How I shall over-reach him! How I shall deceive the tyrant! Love is more daring and crafty than malice: he knew not that, the man of the unlucky star. The villains are cunning, while they have but to do with the head; but when they would manage the heart, oh! how dull and heavy grow their wits! Did he think to ratify the artifice by an oath? Oaths, Father, may bind the living, but Death dissolves even the Sacrament's iron bonds. Casimir shall one day know his Julia's worth. Father, you see this letter; *[Taking one from her bosom]* will you deliver it for me?

MUNSTER.

To whom, my Child?

JULIA.

JULIA.

Strange demand ! Eternity and my heart had no room between them for a single thought of him. To whom then should I, or would I write ?

MUNSTER.

Julia ! I must read this letter.

JULIA.

You are at liberty to read it, Father; but the contents will teach you nothing. The characters lie there like cold corsees, and live but for the eyes of love.

MUNSTER. [*Reading.*]

“ They have betrayed you, Casimir. Villainy
“ unparalleled has dissolved the union of our hearts:
“ but a dreadful vow restrains my tongue, and a
“ spy of your Father’s lurks in every corner. But
“ if thou hast courage, my beloved I know
“ a third place, where no oath can bind, and where
“ no spy can enter.”——[*Munster stops, and gazes upon her stedfastly.*]

JULIA.

Why that earnest look, Father ? Read to the conclusion.

MUNSTER.

“ But thou must have sufficient fortitude to
“ wander through a gloomy path with no other
“ guides than God and Julia. Thou must have
“ no companion, but love; leave behind all thy
“ hopes,

“ hopes, all thy tumultuous wishes ; thou wilt need
 “ nothing in this journey, but thy heart. Darest
 “ thou come ? When the bell tolls twelve from the
 “ Carmelite Tower, be it the signal of departure.
 “ Tremblest thou to venture ? Then erase forti-
 “ tude from the virtues of thy sex, since thy cou-
 “ rage will be less than Julia’s.” [*Munster gives*
her back the letter, and fixes his eyes upon the ground
in hopeless sorrow. At length he turns to Julia, takes
her hand, and speaks in a low broken voice.] Daugh-
 ter ! Where is that third place ?

JULIA.

You know it not, Father ? You really know it
 not ? ’Tis strange, for I have described it to the
 life ! Ah ! Casimir will find it easily.

MUNSTER.

Explain yourself. Answer me ! Where is that
 third place ?

JULIA.

I know no pleasing name for it : then tremble
 not, Father, if the sound is disagreeable. That
 place Oh ! Why has no lover given it a
 name ? He would have chosen for it the softest,
 the sweetest. That third place, my good Father
 but you must not interrupt me that
 third place is *the grave* !

MUNSTER.

Oh ! my God !——[*Staggering to a seat. Julia*
hastens to him, and supports him in her arms.]

JULIA.

JULIA.

Not so, Father; not so! Oh! shame to sink beneath the weight of terrors attached to a mere empty sound. Away with the name, and the grave will seem to be a bride-bed. Above it does the morning spread her golden canopy, and spring strews the floor with her freshest wreaths. None but a groaning sinner fancies Death to be a skeleton. No, Father, no; Death is a gentle smiling boy, blooming as the god of love, but not so false and knavish. He is a silent serviceable sylph, who guides through the deserts of eternity the exhausted pilgrim soul, unlocks for her the fairy palace of everlasting joy, beckons her in with friendly gesture, and vanishes for ever!

MUNSTER.

What meanest thou, my Child? Surely, thou wilt not destroy thyself?

JULIA.

Call it not destruction, Father. To quit a company in which I have been ill received, to fly from a place where I can no longer bear to stay, can that want an excuse? Can that be esteemed a sin?

MUNSTER.

Julia, 'tis the most horrible! 'tis the only one that cannot be repented, since death and the crime arrive in the same moment.

JULIA.

[Looking stedfastly upon the ground.]

That is dreadful! Oh! that is a dreadful thought!

But

But my death shall not be so sudden. I will spring into the flood, and while the waves roll over me, crave pardon of God, the Almighty, and All-merciful.

MUNSTER.

Know you what you say? You will repent the theft, when the treasure is secure? Is that your meaning? Daughter! Daughter! Beware how you sport with God, when you most need his assistance. Oh! you are far, far gone indeed! With your religion has your happiness passed away. You forgot your prayers to the Creator, and he withdrew his protecting hand.

JULIA.

Is loving then a crime, Father?

MUNSTER.

Hadst thou loved God as he ought to be loved, never hadst thou loved man as loved he ought not to be. Thou hast bowed me down low, my only one! Low! low! Perhaps bowed me down to the grave! Yet I will not increase the burthen of your heart. Daughter, I spoke somewhat as I entered; I thought myself alone; thou hast overheard me, and why should I now conceal my fondness? Hear me, Julia, if there is yet room in thy bosom for compassion to a father's feelings. Thou art my idol! Thou art my all! Thou canst lose nothing more of thine own, but I can lose every thing. Thou seest these white locks, Julia: the
moment

moment is now arrived with me, when parents require back the principal of that sum, which they laid up in the affection of their children. Wilt thou defraud me, Julia ? Wilt thou away, and bear with thee all the wealth of thy Father ?

JULIA.

[*Kissing his hand eagerly.*]

No, Father, no ! I go from *this* world your debtor, and will discharge my bond with interest in the next.

MUNSTER.

Beware, my Child, lest that reckoning should be false. Thou who fliest me in *this* life, art thou certain that we shall meet in that to come ? Lo ! how the colour fades in thy cheek ! My Julia conceives herself that I must be deprived of the daughter's services, who hastens to the land of shadows before me. [*Julia throws herself weeping into his arms: he clasps her to his bosom, and continues in a supplicating tone.*] Oh ! Julia ! Julia ! Though already fallen, perhaps already lost ! Daughter ! Daughter ! treasure in thy heart the words of an agonizing Father ! I cannot eternally watch over thee. I can snatch the dagger from thy hands ; thou canst let out life with a needle : I can dash the poison from thy lips ; thou canst strangle thyself with thy girdle. Julia ! Julia ! I have no power but to advise and warn thee. Wilt thou rush boldly forwards, till thy perfidious spirit stands trembling on the path
between

between time and eternity ? Wilt thou draw near to the Judge's throne, and dare to say, " For thy sake am I here, Creator ? " Oh ! then when thine eyes shall seek their mortal idol ; when thou shalt see, become a worm like thee, this perishable god of thy own creation, crawling at the Almighty's feet ; when thou shalt hear him execrate thy guilty daring in this hour of proof, and blast thy betrayed hopes of God's forgiveness, which the wretch will obtain with difficulty for himself ; what then wilt thou do ? what then, Unfortunate ! [*He clasps her still closer to his bosom, and gazes upon her with wild and piercing looks ; then suddenly unfolds his arms, and leaves her.*] Now I have no more to say !—— [*Raising his right hand to heaven.*] Immortal Judge of mankind, I will strive no more to preserve this soul for thee ! Julia, do what thou wilt. Bring a victim to the altar of this beloved youth, that shall make thy bad angels howl for transport, and thy good forsake thee in despair. Go on ! Heap up the mountain of thy offences : add to them this the last, the most detestable ; and if the burthen is still too light, throw in my curse to complete the measure. There is a dagger, plunge it in thy heart, and [*Sobbing, while he hastens from her*] and stab at the same time your Father's !

JULIA.

[*Following him, and detaining him.*]

Stay ! stay ! Oh ! Father, Father ! Can affec-

N

tion

tion then torture a wretch more cruelly than tyrannic violence ? What must I what shall I do ?

MUNSTER.

Die if Rosenberg's kisses burn hotter than your Father's tears !

JULIA.

[*After combating with herself.*]

Father ! Here is my hand. I will not God ! God ! what am I doing ! Father, I swear Wo is me ! To whichever side I turn myself, criminal every where ! Father, you have conquered. Casimir ! Aid me ! Look down upon me, God of compassion ! Casimir ! Thus I destroy thy last remembrance. [*Tearing the letter.*]

MUNSTER.

[*Throwing himself upon her bosom, wild with delight.*]

There spoke my Daughter ! Look up, my Child ! Thou hast sacrificed a Lover, but thou hast made a Father happy. [*Smiling through his tears.*] My Julia ! My Child ! My Child ! I was not worthy to live so blest a moment ! God knows, how I, poor wretched man, became possessed of such an angel ! My Julia ! My Paradise ! My Heaven ! Oh ! I know but little how to love ; but what a pang it is to cease to love, that I can feel full well.

JULIA.

But from hence we must hasten, Father. Let us fly from the city, where my comrades mock my misfortunes,

misfortunes, and my reputation is for ever blotted with shame : let us fly from a place, where I meet at every step with images which remind me of my former happiness. Far let us bend our wandering course ; far let us fly from Brunswic.

MUNSTER.

Go whither thou wilt, my Julia, thy mother and I will follow thee. Bread is to be found every where, and upon my harp must we depend for sustenance. Here, let every thing go to ruin ; let my house fall ; let my goods moulder away. While I wander with thee, my Child, I will not remember home. While I lean my old head on thy bosom, I shall wish for no other resting-place Thy hand shall guide us from village to village, and thy voice shall accompany the tones of my instrument. I will compose a song of thy sufferings : thou shalt sing of the daughter, who rent her own heart to preserve her father's from breaking. We will beg with the ballad from door to door, and sweet will be the alms of those who weep at the relation of thy sorrows !

SCENE II.

Julia, Munster, Casimir.

JULIA,

[Who perceives Casimir first, throws herself trembling into Munster's arms.]

God ! There he is ! I am lost !

MUNSTER.

Who ? Where ?

JULIA.

[Still hiding her face in his bosom.]

'Tis he ! 'Tis he himself ! Look round, Father, look round ! Save me, save me, he comes to murder me !

MUNSTER. *[Turning round.]*

How, Baron ? You here ?

CASIMIR.

[Comes near them slowly, stands opposite to Julia, and remains gazing stedfastly upon her. After a pause, he speaks aside.]

Terrors of conscious guilt, I thank you ! Your confession is dreadful, but swift and true. It saves me the torment of an explanation.—Good evening, Munster !

MUNSTER.

For God's sake ! my Lord, what seek you in this house ?

house? What brings you hither? What means this unexpected visit?

CASIMIR.

There was a time, when the day on which I was expected was divided into seconds; when eagerness for my presence hung upon the weights of the tardy clock; and when every pulse-throb was chidden, while I stayed beyond my usual time. Why then this surprise to see me?

MUNSTER.

Oh! leave us, leave us, Baron! If there exists in your breast one spark of humanity; if you wish not to be her destruction, whom you so long professed to love, fly from this house; stay here no moment longer. Since you first set foot in it, God withdrew his blessing from my cottage. You have brought misery under that roof where happiness and tranquillity once delighted to dwell. Are you not yet contented? Her ill-starred connection with you has planted a dagger in the heart of my poor girl, and seek you to make the wound still wider?

CASIMIR.

Compose yourself, worthy Father: I bring good tidings to your Child.

MUNSTER.

Comest thou to give her hopes again, that she may again know disappointment, that she may

again despair ? Away, away, thou messenger of misfortune ! Thy countenance disproves thy words.

CASIMIR.

Hear me, Munster. I have at length reached the goal of my hopes. Augusta, the chief obstacle to my love, has this moment fled from Brunswic. My Father authorizes my choice. Fate grows weary of persecuting us, and our prosperous stars now beam in the horizon. Here is my hand : I am come to fulfill my promise, and to lead your daughter to the altar, as my bride.

MUNSTER.

Dost thou hear him, my Child ? Dost thou hear, how he sports with thy baffled hopes ? Go on, my Lord, go on ! Oh ! 'tis excellent, when seducers make their crimes the subject of laughter !

CASIMIR.

You believe me not to be serious ? By my honour, I am. My protestations are as true as Julia's affection, and I will keep them sacred, as she has kept her oaths. More sacred know I nothing. Canst thou still doubt me, Julia ? Still do I see no joyful blush upon the cheek of my fair bride ? 'Tis strange ! Falsehood must needs be here the current coin, since Truth finds so little credit. Dost thou distrust my words, Julia ? Then must I convince thee by other means. Read there, my bride, and believe this manual witness. [*Drawing from his bosom*
her

her letter to the Marshal. She receives it, opens it hastily, reads the first line, and sinks upon the floor.]

MUNSTER. [*Not observing this.*]

What mean you, Baron ? I understand you not.

CASIMIR.

But your daughter understood me well. [*Pointing to Julia.*]

MUNSTER.

[*Perceiving her on the floor.*]

Oh ! God ! my poor child ! [*He throws himself upon his knees, and raises her in his arms. She gazes upon him for a moment with a vacant stare, seems stupefied and overcome with sorrow, and lets her head sink upon his shoulder.*]

CASIMIR.

Pale as a corpse ! 'Tis thus your daughter pleases me best. Your seemingly faithful virtuous daughter to me was never half so lovely. That death-like paleness ; those hopeless eyes ; those bloodless trembling lips ; the breath of justice, which spoils the varnish of every lie, has dried up the painted colours of her cheek, and made the art evident, by which angels of light had been deceived ! Now does she wear her fairest complexion ; now for the first time do I see her real countenance, and will kiss it for the love of Truth.

MUNSTER.

Away ! Begone ! Boy ! Boy ! trifle not with a

N 4

Father's

Father's heart. I could not defend her from your flattery and seduction, but I still am able to defend her from ill usage.

CASIMIR.

What wouldst thou do, old man? With thee have I no business. Engage not thyself in a game already lost so totally. Yet perhaps thou hast been wiser than I thought thee. Hast thou employed the wisdom of sixty years in prostituting thy daughter's honour? Hast thou disgraced those hoary locks with the office of a Pandar? Oh! if it be not so, wretched old man, lay thyself down, and die! Yet is it time: yet mayst thou sleep in the sweet persuasion, "I am an happy father!" Wait but a moment, and it will be too late: wait but a moment, and thine own hand will send to her infernal home this poisonous adder; thou wilt curse the gift, and him that gave it, and sink to the grave in blasphemy and despair! [*To Julia.*] Speak, Unfortunate, speak! Didst thou write this letter?

MUNSTER. [*Anxiously.*]

For God's sake! Daughter, forget not! Oh! forget not!

JULIA.

[*In a voice scarcely audible.*]

That letter, Father! Oh! that letter.....!

CASIMIR.

Do you grieve, that it fell into other hands than
his

his to whom you sent it? Now blessed be the accident! It has produced greater effects than the most consummate prudence ever did; it has done me a service to-day, which the wisdom of sages were unable to effect. Accident, did I say? Providence decrees the death of a sparrow, why not the unmasking of a fiend? Speak. Girl, I will be answered. Didst thou write this letter?

MUNSTER.

[To Julia in a tone of entreaty, while she rises, and supports herself upon his arm.]

Courage, my Child. Answer any thing but "Yes," and the victory is your own.

CASIMIR.

Excellent! Excellent! The Father too is deceived! All, all are deceived by her! Look, how the perfidious stands there, teaching her tongue obedience to its last lie! Answer me, false-one! I adjure thee, by the Almighty God! by him who is so terribly true! Answer me immediately! Didst thou write this letter?

JULIA.

[She seems to combat with herself, to be agitated by the most violent emotions, and to entreat her Father's pity by supplicating looks. At length she strives to summon up her resolution, and after a long pause replies in a low but steady voice,]

I did.—*[Munster, who had waited impatiently for her answer, clasps his hands together in despair, throws*

throws himself into the seat, and conceals his face upon the table.]

CASIMIR.

[Stands petrified for some moments.]

Julia ! No. So sure as my soul liveth, thou dost not speak true. Innocence, when extended on the rack, often confesses crimes which it never has committed. I confused thee ; I spoke too passionately. Is it not so, Julia ? Thou didst but confess, because I spoke too passionately ?

JULIA.

I confessed the truth.

CASIMIR.

No, I tell thee ! No ! no ! Thou didst not write the letter ! It is not thy hand !—And even though it were ; why should it be less difficult to counterfeit a writing than to break the heart of a man ? Speak once more, Julia. Tell me the truth.—Yet do not, do not ! Thou mayst again confess, and then I were lost for ever. A lie, Julia A lie ! Oh ! If thou didst but know one now ! If thou wouldst utter it with that open angel look ! If thou wouldst but persuade my ear and eye ! If thou wouldst but again deceive my heart so monstrously ! Oh ! Julia ! The sound of that lie would banish Truth from the creation, bid her bow her stiff neck, and wish that she were Falsehood ! *[In a trembling broken voice]* Didst thou write this letter ?

JULIA.

JULIA.

By the Almighty God! By him who is so terribly true! I did.

CASIMIR.

[*After a pause, with the expression of the most heartfelt sorrow.*]

Woman! Woman!—How fiend-like is the countenance now presented to my eyes! Offer that countenance and paradise together, and even in the regions of the damned thou wilt find no purchaser. Didst thou know what thou wert to me, Julia? Impossible! No; thou didst not know, that thou wert my all. My all! 'Tis a poor incomprehensive word! Oh! what thou wert to me, the world would dissolve ere I could enumerate! Oh! what thou wert to me, eternity itself is not able to conceive! Yes; thou wert my all! And to sport so cruelly with that all! Oh! it was dreadful! dreadful! dreadful! [*Beating his forehead.*]

JULIA.

. [*Speaking with difficulty.*]

You have heard my confession.—I have pronounced my own condemnation.—Leave me, my Lord.—Fly from an house where you have found nothing but misfortunes.

CASIMIR.

You are right. I will retire. I will content myself, and be calm. Calm, they say, the miserable land is, through which the plague has passed. I
am

am contented. I am calm.—Yet ere I go, Julia, one last request ! 'Tis a trifle, and you will grant it easily. My blood is on fire ! I almost die with thirst ! Julia, let me once more drink from a cup which thy hands have filled. Will you oblige me, Julia ?—*[Julia bows in silence, and goes out hastily, striving to conceal her tears.]*

SCENE III.

CASIMIR, MUNSTER.

[Casimir walks backwards and forwards with a disordered air. Munster considers him for some time with looks of pity. After a pause, he speaks.]

MUNSTER.

Would to God ! my Lord, that it could alleviate your distress, to know how sincerely I share in it, how sincerely I feel for your situation !

CASIMIR.

I thank you, my good friend, but take no heed. Every thing will soon be well. *[Silence again for some moments.]* Munster, I forget what accident first introduced me to your house. What brought me hither ?

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

How, Baron? Cannot you remember? You came to take lessons upon the flute.

CASIMIR.

It was then I first saw your daughter.—*[Another pause.]*—Friend, you have broken your agreement with me; you should have supplied me with amusement for my leisure hours; you betrayed me, and sold me scorpions. *[Observing Munster's agitation, he takes his hand affectionately.]* Tremble not, good old man, the fault was none of yours.

MUNSTER. *[Wiping his eyes.]*

God knows, it was not!

CASIMIR.

[Traversing the room, plunged in the most gloomy meditation.]

Strangely, Oh! beyond conception strangely, does God govern poor mortals. How often do fearful weights hang upon threads fine and imperceptible! Weak and indurable are the chains of life. How easily does Death Ha! Death? —*[He walks a few more turns: then stops suddenly, and grasps Munster's hand.]* Friend, I have paid dearly for thy lessons. They have lost me every thing, and they have gained thee nothing: perhaps thou must lose every thing thyself.—*[Quitting him hastily.]* Ill-starred man, would I had never seen thee!

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

[Striving to repress his feelings.]

Julia is not coming. Permit me to enquire, what makes her stay so long.

CASIMIR.

Stay, good Munster. There is no cause to hasten her. *[Aside.]* At least her father has none. — Stay here a moment : I would ask somewhat Aye, I remember me. Is Julia your only daughter ? Have you no other child ?

MUNSTER.

No other, my Lord ; and I wish for no other. Her love is sufficient to fill my whole heart, and on her have I placed my whole stock of affection.

CASIMIR. *[Much agitated.]*

Indeed ? — Good Munster, see what makes your daughter stay.

[Exit Munster.]

SCENE IV.

CASIMIR.

His only child ! Dost thou feel that, murderer ? His only one ! Murderer, didst thou hear, his only-one ? The man has nothing in God's wide world but his harp, and that only-one ; and wilt thou rob him of her ?

Rob

Rob him ? Rob the sick beggar of his last poor farthing ? Break before the eyes of the maimed his only crutch ? How ? Have I the heart to do it ? And when he hastens home, impatient to reckon in his daughter's smiles the whole sum of his happiness ; and when he enters the chamber, and there lies the rose, his last, his only cherished hope, faded, dead, wantonly, crushed beneath the assassin's foot !——Ha ! And there he stands before her ! and gazes on her bloodless cheeks ! and craves from all nature one moment's breath of life for that dear one !——Then when his vacant eye wanders through the gloom of futurity, seeks for God, finds him no where, and returns disappointed and despairing !——God ! God ! and has not my Father too an only Child ? Aye, Casimir ; an only Child, but not his only treasure. [*Pausing.*] Yet what will the old man lose ? She who could jest with the most sacred feelings of love, will she make a Father happy ? She cannot ! She will not ! Munster, I deserve your thanks, when I crush the adder, ere the parent feels its sting.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Casimir, Munster.

MUNSTER.

She will come instantly, Baron. Alas ! the poor thing had thrown herself upon the floor, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking ! Your drink will be mingled with her tears.

CASIMIR.

Well would it be for her, were it mingled with nothing more than tears. Munster, we were speaking of music. I remember that I am still in your debt. [*Taking out a purse.*]

MUNSTER.

What mean you, my Lord, by mentioning such a trifle ? Do not so far affront me, as to think that I can doubt your generosity. Leave it till another time, I beseech you. I hope in God, this meeting will not be our last.

CASIMIR.

For that can no one answer. Take your money, man ; take it freely. Who can ascertain the boundaries of life and death ? Might I not expire in your debt ?

MUNSTER.

Certainly, my Lord, it is possible that you might ;
but

but upon this head, I think that I should run no risque.

CASIMIR.

You would run the greatest, Munster. Have you not heard that youths have died in their very spring of life ? that damsels and youths have died, the children of hope, the airy castles of their disappointed parents ? That which is safe from age and worms has often perished by a thunderbolt. Even your Julia is not immortal.

MUNSTER.

God gave her to me, and God may take her away ; but yet

CASIMIR.

Hear me ! I say to you again, your Julia is not immortal. This daughter is the apple of your eye ; you hang upon this daughter with your whole heart and soul. Be prudent, Munster : none but a desperate gamester sets his all upon a single throw : the merchant would be called a madman, who placed his whole fortune upon a single ship. Think upon this, and remember that I warned you. Now take your purse.

MUNSTER.

How, Baron, how ? The whole of it ? The whole all-powerful purse ? What are you doing, my Lord ? What can you mean ?

CASIMIR.

To acquit my debt. Take it, I say, take it. I

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cannot

SCENE V.

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O

cannot

cannot hold the dross to eternity. [*Throwing the purse upon the table.*]

MUNSTER.

[*Takes it up, opens it, and drops it again with astonishment.*]

God Almighty! Gold! Gold! Baron! Baron! For the love of Heaven, Baron, are you mad? Are you raving? This is profusion! This is wanton extravagance! [*Striking his hands together.*] There it lies! There, there it lies! If I am not bewitched If it is not a delusion There it lies, the shining glorious gold of God!—No, Satan, no! there shall it lie for me: thou shalt not purchase my soul with it!

CASIMIR.

Are you distracted, Munster?

MUNSTER. [*Violently.*]

Death and furies! but look yourself then. Look! look! It is gold!

CASIMIR.

I know it is.

MUNSTER.

But in God's name, Baron, I beseech you I entreat you for our blessed Saviour's sake Think, think again!—It is gold! I say it is gold!

CASIMIR.

Why does that excite your wonder?

MUNSTER.

MUNSTER.

[*After a pause, going to him, and speaking in a calmer voice.*]

Noble Baron, I am a plain downright man. Take back your purse, for you needs must give it to purchase my agreement to some knavery. Heaven knows, that so much gold can be earned by no honest means.

CASIMIR.

Take courage, worthy Munster! You have well deserved the money. God forbid, that I should use it to the corruption of your conscience!

MUNSTER. [*Wild with joy.*]

It is mine then! Mine indeed! Mine with the knowledge and consent of God! [*Hastening to the door.*] Daughter, wife, hither, hither, hither! — [*Returning to Casimir.*] But for Heaven's sake, how am I at once possessed of all this precious torturing treasure? How have I deserved it? How have I earned it?

CASIMIR.

Not by your music-lessons, Munster. With this gold do I pay you for [*Stops suddenly, and shudders: then strives to conceal his emotion.*] I pay you for my three months' happy dream of your daughter!

MUNSTER.

[*Taking his hand, and pressing it affectionately.*]

Oh! my Lord! were you some poor and low-

born tradesman, and did not my daughter love you, I would pierce her heart myself. [*Returning to the gold, and laying his hand upon it.*] Now then I have all ;—but you have nothing. Should you, accustomed to every luxury, feel the evils of want

CASIMIR.

Let not that thought distress you, friend. I am quitting this country, and in that to which I journey, I should find no currency for this coin.

MUNSTER.

[*Still fixing his eyes in rapture upon the money.*]

Mine then it remains ! Mine for ever !—Yet it grieves me, that you are quitting Brunswic.—But now how dignified shall I appear ! What respect will the neighbours pay me ! I will give my lessons gratis upon the Market-place. I will throw open my doors to all comers. The hungry shall find meat at my table, and the friendless a friend in my heart. I will away instantly, and the poor shall rejoice in my good fortune. [*Going.*]

CASIMIR.

Stay, Munster. Be silent, and gather up your gold. [*Mysteriously.*] Let your sudden wealth be a secret for this evening, and to-morrow do with it what you will.

MUNSTER.

[*Returns, and grasps Casimir's hand full of inward joy.*]

And my daughter, Baron, my daughter ! No,
no!

no ! Gold cannot make *me* happy : no, gold alone cannot. I have fed on vegetables, and risen from the board full and contented ; let the food be what it will, enough is ever enough. This cloak, though coarse, was good enough for me, while it shielded me from the winter's cold, while the summer's sun scorched me not through the tatters. What then should I with money ? To me it is mere dross. But my Julia ! my child ! she shall feel the value of wealth. Its blessing shall fall upon my daughter : I will read her wishes in her eyes, and every wish shall be gratified.

CASIMIR.

Oh ! silence ! silence !

MUNSTER.

And she shall have masters of all sorts ; and shall feed from gold ; and shall wear the costliest robes ; and shall sparkle in the most brilliant jewels ; and all Brunswic shall talk of the harper's glorious daughter !

CASIMIR.

[*Agitated to excess, and in a terrible voice.*]

No more, no more ! For God's sake touch not that string again ! Be but secret for this one night ; 'tis the only favour that I ask in return for mine.

SCENE VI.

Casimir, Munster, Julia with a goblet.

JULIA.

[Her eyes are swelled with weeping, and her voice trembles, while she presents the cup to Casimir.]

Forgive me, for having made you wait so long.
An unavoidable delay

CASIMIR.

[Takes the cup hastily, places it on the table, and turns to Munster.]

I had almost forgotten. Good Munster, I have a request to make. Will you undertake a commission for me ?

MUNSTER.

A thousand with pleasure. What are your commands ?

CASIMIR.

My Father waits supper for me, but I am not in a fit humour for society : 'twould be insupportable to me at present to mingle with indifferent people. Will you go to my Father, and excuse my not appearing ?

JULIA.

[Terrified, interrupts him hastily.]

I will go with pleasure.

MUNSTER. *[To Casimir.]*

Must I ask for the Count ?

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

It will not be necessary. Give your message to one of the servants, who wait in the anti-chamber. Here is my ring; you will deliver it as a token that I sent you, and you will find me still here when you return. Enquire whether my Father has any commands, and bring me back the answer.

JULIA. [*Anxiously.*]

Cannot I deliver your message?

CASIMIR.

[*To Munster, who is going.*]

Stay one moment. Here is a letter to my Father, which I received this evening inclosed in one to myself. Probably the contents are of importance. It fixes the destination of some people, who are not totally indifferent to him. You will take care that 'tis delivered?

MUNSTER. [*Going.*]

Do not doubt me.

JULIA.

[*Stopping him, and speaking in a tone of the most exquisite terror.*]

Do not go, Father! Do not go! Let me carry the letter!

MUNSTER.

It is night, my Child! and you must not venture out alone. Fear not; I shall return immediately.

[*Exit.*]

O 4

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR. [*In a broken voice.*]

You forget that 'tis dark, Julia. Will you not light your Father down?—[*Julia takes a candle, and follows Munster. Casimir approaches the table, takes out a phial, and pours some drops into the goblet.*]

CASIMIR.

Yes ! She must die ! The higher powers look down, and nod to me their terrible assent. The vengeance of Heaven subscribes to my decree. Her good angels forsake her, and leave her to her fate!

SCENE VII.

Casimir, Julia.

[*Julia re-enters slowly with the light ; she places it on the table, and stops on the side of the room opposite to Casimir : her eyes are fixed on the ground, except when she raises them to him with fearful stolen glances. He seems not to observe her, but stands looking stedfastly on the earth, his arms folded, and his countenance gloomy and frowning. Julia at length breaks silence, but speaks with hesitation.*]

JULIA.

You are fond of music, my Lord ; shall I take my harp ?

[*Casimir makes no answer.*]

JULIA.

JULIA.

Perhaps you would prefer chess; shall I bring the board?

[He is still silent.]

JULIA.

You may remember that I promised to embroider your letter-case; I have begun it already. Will you see what progress I have made?

[Another long pause.]

JULIA.

[With a deep sigh.]

Oh! I am very wretched!

CASIMIR.

[Without changing his attitude.]

That may well be.

JULIA.

Would I could find you better entertainment! But that lies not in my power.

CASIMIR.

[With an insulting laugh.]

True, true; I know it well. If I am too bashful and too distant, how canst thou help it?

JULIA.

I was conscious that at present we are unfit companions. Nay, I confess that I could not but feel terrified, when my Father left us alone. I believe, Baron, that this moment is equally insupportable to us both. Permit me to send for some of my acquaintance;

quaintance ; they may entertain you till my Father's return.

CASIMIR.

Oh ! aye ; do it ; and I too will send for some of mine.

JULIA.

[Looking at him with surprise.]

Baron Rosenberg !

CASIMIR.

[In a spiteful and insolent tone.]

By my honour, the most fortunate idea that in our situation could ever enter mortal brain ! You are right, Julia. Let us change this wearisome duet into sport and merriment, and by the aid of certain gallantries revenge ourselves on the caprices of love.

JULIA.

Your spirits are high, my Lord.

CASIMIR.

Oh ! wonderfully high ! I feel so cheerful, so light-hearted, that children would hoot me through the Market-place for a madman ! I was once an absurd melancholy enthusiast : fear me not, Julia ; I will be so no more. Thy example has converted me : from thee will I take lessons of happiness and wisdom. They are fools who prate of endless affection : to love always the same grows flat and insipid : variety alone gives zest to pleasure. 'Tis fixed, Julia ; and I think as thou dost. Let us fly
from

from dissipation to dissipation; let us wander from vice to vice; thou to that side, I to this. I may, perhaps, recover my lost tranquillity in some brothel. Perhaps, when our licentious race is run, and we become two mouldering skeletons, Chance again may bring us together, and we may recognize each other by Disease's common features, a mother whom her children can never disavow. Then, perhaps, disgust and shame may preserve that union between us, which could not be effected by the most tender love.

JULIA.

Oh! Casimir! Casimir! Thou art already miserable; wilt thou besides deserve to be so?

CASIMIR.

[Murmuring through his teeth, which are clenched in all the agony of passion.]

Am I miserable? Who told thee that? Woman, thou art too vile to feel thyself; then how canst thou judge of the feelings of others? Miserable, did she say? Ha! that word would call my anger from the grave! She knew that I must be miserable. Hell and damnation! she knew it, and yet betrayed me! Hear me, Serpent! Thou hast effaced the only blot of mercy in my nature: thine own evidence has condemned thee. Till now I thought, that weakness of intellect might have forbidden thy conceiving the consequence of thy crime, and thou hadst nearly escaped my vengeance in my contempt. *[He takes the goblet hastily from the table.]*

Thou

Thou didst not obey then the dictates of imprudence? Thou wert not then ignorant, how atrocious was the act? Its guilt was known to thee, and yet thou wert a devil! [*He drinks, but stops suddenly.*] What hast thou given me? Hast thou thrown poison in the cup? If it be poison, thou shalt share it with me. Drink!

JULIA.

[*Taking the cup with a melancholy, but unsuspicious air.*]

Alas! his senses wander! It was not vainly that I dreaded this interview.

CASIMIR. [*Violently.*]

Drink! Drink! I say.—[*Julia drinks. The moment that she raises the cup to her lips, Casimir turns pale, rushes to the other end of the chamber, and supports himself against the window-frame.*]

JULIA.

[*Replacing the goblet on the table.*]

I have drank. The liquor was good.

CASIMIR.

[*His face averted, and shuddering.*]

Good may it do thee!

JULIA.

Oh! couldst thou know, Rosenberg, how cruelly, how unjustly thou hast insulted me!

CASIMIR.

Indeed!

JULIA.

JULIA.

There will come a time, Casimir !

CASIMIR. [*Advancing.*]

That time will soon be here.

JULIA.

When the remembrance of this evening shall fall heavy upon your heart !

CASIMIR.

[*With agitation which increases every moment, loosens the girdle of his sword, and throws it from him.*]

Hence from me, badge of mortal servitude ! I am no more for this world.

JULIA.

[*Terrified at his violence.*]

My God ! what mean you ?

CASIMIR.

I am hot. I pant for breath. The girdle was a restraint to me, and I would be more at freedom.

JULIA.

You are ill, Casimir ! Drink once again. The liquor will cool you.

CASIMIR.

That will it effectually. Yet the strumpet is kind-hearted ! Aye, aye, they are all so.

JULIA.

[*Taking his hand affectionately.*]

Thus cruelly speaks Casimir to his Julia ?

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

[*Throwing her roughly from him.*]

Away ! Away ! Hence with those gentle melting eyes ! They sink me to the earth. Come to me, Snake, in all thy monstrous terrors ! Spring upon me, Scorpion, and dart thy sting into my bosom ! Expose before me thy hideous folds, and rear thy proud crest to heaven ! Stand before my eyes, horrible as formerly when the abyſs of hell was thy abode ! But be no more an angel ! Oh ! be now an angel no more ! It is too late. Thy time is paſt. I muſt crush *thee* like a ſerpent, or reſign myſelf to everlaſting deſpair. Oh ! pity me, pity me, and look not ſo fair, ſo innocent !

JULIA. [*In tears.*]

God ! that it ſhould come to this !

CASIMIR.

[*Gazing upon her.*]

The faireſt work of the heavenly Maker ! Who would believe it ? Who *can* believe it ? [*Taking her hand.*] I will not call thee to account, Oh ! God, my Creator ! Yet wherefore didſt thou pour thy poiſon into ſuch precious cups ? Can this beautiful paradise be indeed the abode of vice ? Oh ! it is ſtrange ! ſtrange ! ſtrange !

JULIA. [*Aſide.*]

Oh ! cruel, cruel, that I muſt hear this, and yet be compelled to ſilence !

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

And that melodious voice ! How can broken chords discourse such harmony ? [*Gazing rapturously upon her figure.*] Every part so lovely ! so justly proportioned ! so divinely perfect ! Throughout the whole such evident tokens, that 'twas God's favourite work ! By Heaven, as if the great Universe had been made but to practise the Creator, ere he undertook this master-piece ! And in the soul alone has the Almighty failed ? Is it possible, that this reproachful neglect in nature should have passed unblamed ? [*Quitting her hastily.*] Or did God by mistake bestow an angel's form on a mortal, and rectify the profusion of his chissel, by giving her the more devilish an heart ?

JULIA.

Oh ! man ! Oh ! guilty obstinacy ! Rather than confess that yourself can be wrong, you accuse the wisdom of Heaven !

CASIMIR.

[*Weeping, clasps her passionately in his arms.*]

Yet embrace me once more, my Julia ! Yet embrace me once again as on the day of our first kiss, when the name of Casimir first trembled on thy burning lips, and thy heavenly voice repeated, while I held thee to my bosom, "Mine ! Mine ! Oh ! Mine !" In that moment, as flowers in a bud, seemed treasured the seeds of everlasting inexpressible pleasures : like a fair May morn seemed
Eternity

Eternity to my eyes : golden centuries of centuries danced away, like brides, before me. Then I was happy ! Oh ! Julia ! Julia ! Julia ! Why hast thou made me wretched ? Why hast thou used me thus ?

JULIA.

Weep, Casimir, weep ! Better do I merit your compassion, than your wrath.

CASIMIR.

Thou art deceived, Julia. These tears flow not for thee ! they flow not from that warm voluptuous dew which trickles like balsam on the wounds of the soul. They are solitary chilling drops ! They speak the fearful, the eternal farewell of my love ! [*Grasping her hand, and looking upon her earnestly.*] They are tears for thy soul, Julia ! tears for the Deity, who from thee alone has withheld his inexhaustible benevolence, and wantonly throws away the noblest of his works. Oh ! methinks the whole universe should clothe itself in black, and weep over the scene now acting in its centre. 'Tis but a common sorrow, when men perish, and Paradise is lost ; but when the plague rages among angels, then woe should be shrieked through the whole wide creation !

JULIA.

Drive me not to extremities, Casimir. I have fortitude equal to that of others, but it must not be put to supernatural proofs. Rosenberg, one word, and then let us part for ever. An untoward dreadful

ful fatality has confused the language of our hearts. Dared I to unclothe my lips, Casimir, I could say such things ! I could But no ! I must not speak. An inhuman obstacle forbids at once my love and vindication ; and I must suffer in silence, though I hear myself called by names, to my feelings the most injurious, by my conduct the most undeserved !

CASIMIR.

Art thou well, Julia ?

JULIA.

Why that question ?

CASIMIR.

It would grieve me, shouldst thou die with this lie upon thy lips.

JULIA.

I beseech you, Baron

CASIMIR.

[Interrupting her suddenly.]

No, no ! That would make my revenge too fiend-like ! No ! God forbid that I should extend my anger beyond the grave ! Julia, didst thou love the Marshal ? Thou wilt never leave this chamber more !

JULIA. *[Sitting down.]*

Ask what thou wilt ; I give no further answer.

CASIMIR.

[In a solemn voice.]

Julia ! Julia ! Look to thy immortal soul ! Didst

P

thou

thou love the Marshal? Thou wilt never leave this chamber more!

JULIA.

I answer not again.

CASIMIR.

[Throwing himself on his knees before her in the most dreadful agitation.]

Julia! Didst thou love the Marshal? Before this light burns out, thou wilt stand before the throne of God!

JULIA.

[Starting from her seat in terror.]

Jesus! what said he?—And I feel so ill! so ill! *[She falls back into her chair.]*

CASIMIR.

Already? Woe to thee, woman, thou eternal riddle! Those delicate nerves can support crimes which manhood trembles to mention; yet one poor grain of arsenic destroys them at once!

JULIA.

Poison! Poison! Oh! gracious, gracious God!

CASIMIR.

Nay, so it is. Devils have dropped their foam in yonder goblet; thou hast drank from it thy death!

JULIA.

Death? Death? Oh! glorious heavenly Father! Poison in my drink! And to die! Oh! pity my wretched soul, God, thou all-merciful!

CASIMIR.

CASIMIR.

Aye, be that thy chief concern : I will join thee
in the prayer.

JULIA.

And my mother!—My father too ! Saviour of
the world, my poor lost father ! Is there then no
hope ? Am I so young, and yet is there no hope ?
And must I to the grave thus early ?

CASIMIR.

There is no hope : thus early must thou to the
grave. But be calm, for we shall go together.

JULIA.

Thou too, Casimir ? Poisoned ? And poisoned
by thee ? Oh ! God forgive him ! God, the par-
doner, lay not this crime to his charge !

CASIMIR.

Look to your own account : I fear me, it looks
badly.

JULIA.

[Rising with difficulty, and staggering towards him.]

Casimir !—Casimir !—Oh !—I can now be no
longer silent.—Death Death absolves all
oaths—Casimir !—Heaven and earth know no-
thing so unfortunate as thou art.—I die innocent,
Casimir.

CASIMIR. *[Terrified.]*

How ?—What sayest thou ?—In thy last
hour wilt thou still utter falsehoods ?

P 2

JULIA.

JULIA.

I have uttered no falsehood !—have uttered none !—have never through my whole life prevaricated but once !—That was Oh ! what an icy coldness makes my veins shiver !—That was when I wrote the letter which lies there.

CASIMIR.

Ha ! That letter ? Blessed be God, I am myself again !

JULIA.

[*Her voice every moment becomes more indistinct. She shivers, and her fingers tremble with a convulsive motion.*]

That letter Prepare yourself to hear a dreadful word !—My hand wrote what my heart condemned.—It was dictated by your father !—
[*Casimir starts, and seems petrified with horror. After a long dead silence, he falls upon the floor, as if struck by lightning. Julia, growing weaker and weaker, supports herself by the table, and continues,*] Oh ! that unfortunate mistake !—Casimir !—I was compelled Pardon me ! Oh ! pardon me ! —Thy Julia would have died willingly to preserve thee hers ;—but my father !—His life in danger ! —They were so crafty in their villainy !

CASIMIR.

[*Starting suddenly from the ground, and seizing his sword, which lies near him.*]

God be thanked ! I still feel not the poison's effects.

fects. The villain shall not escape unpunished !

[*Going.*]

JULIA.

[*Mustering up her strength, rushes towards him, and throws herself into his arms.*]

Stay, Casimir ! Leave me not, Casimir ! What wouldst thou do ? Remember he is thy father !

CASIMIR.

[*In the impulse of unbridled fury.*]

Murderer and parricide ! He must with me, Julia ! He must with me, that the Judge of the world may know the real culprit. Father, I come !—
[*Hastening away.*]

JULIA.

[*Detaining him. Her voice for a moment becomes clear and strong.*]

Stay, I charge thee !—Pardoning his murderers, died my Saviour on the cross : may God pardon thee, and thy father ! [*Her voice fails again.*] Casimir ! — Thou wilt be mine again ! [*Embracing him.*]—We shall meet in heaven !—Casimir ! Oh ! farewell ! [*She unlocks her arms from him, sinks upon the floor, and expires.*]

CASIMIR.

[*Perceiving her in the convulsions of death, throws himself distractedly by the body.*]

Stay, Julia, stay ! Fly not from me, angel of glory. [*Takes her hand, but lets it fall again instantly.*]

instantly.] Cold ! colder than ice ! Gone for ever !
 Gone, oh ! gone ! [*Starting up suddenly.*] God
 of my Julia, mercy, mercy on the most savage
 of assassins ! Such was her dying prayer. How
 fair, how lovely even in death ! Touched with
 compassion the destroyer passed on, and spared these
 heavenly features. That sweetness was no mask ;
 even the attacks of death has it resisted ! [*After
 a pause.*] And yet do I feel nothing ! Can the vi-
 gour of my youth repel the poison ? Unthankful
 care ! Such is not my design, and this secures me !
 [*Takes the goblet, and drinks.*]

SCENE VIII.

Casimir. Count Rosenberg, Warbeck, Servants.—

[*They enter hastily, and in confusion.*]

COUNT.

[*An open letter in his hand.*]

Am I too late ? Is it then done ? Casimir ! My
 Son ! My Son ! Canst thou have been so mad

CASIMIR.

[*Throwing the goblet before him.*]

Assassin, there lies your answer !—[*The Count
 starts back, and falls into the arms of a Servant.*

The

The spectators exchange looks of horror. A long pause.]

COUNT.

[Recovering by degrees from his stupor.]

Casimir! Casimir! Why hast thou used me thus?

CASIMIR.

[In a tone of mockery.]

There you are right, Count. I should first have asked the statesman, whether my death would chime in with his projects! Admirably fine and skilful, I confess, was the thought of using jealousy to break the bond of our hearts! But 'twas pity, that my furious love could not submit, like a wooden puppet, to obey the wires of your intrigues! — *[Changing his tone.]* Father! I die! and die by thee!

COUNT.

By me, Casimir? By me? Oh! righteous, righteous God! Will no one speak comfort to a despairing father?

MUNSTER. *[Without.]*

Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!

CASIMIR.

Hark! 'Tis Munster's voice! Count, yon maiden was a saint, and here comes one to accuse you of her murder.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Count Rosenberg, Casimir, Warbeck, Servants. Munster rushes in, followed by Officers of Justice, &c.

MUNSTER.

My Child ! My Child ! They say Death has been here. Who is dead ? Who is poisoned ! Where art thou, my Child ? Where art thou ?

CASIMIR.

[Placing him between the Count and Julia.]

I am innocent. Thank this man for the deed.

MUNSTER.

[Throwing himself on the body.]

Oh ! Jesus ! Jesus !

CASIMIR.

In few words, my Lord, the possession of a father begins to be too expensive. I have been artfully robbed of my life, robbed of it by thee ! I must tremble in the presence of God, though I have never been a villain : but be my final judgment what it will, mayst thou have no share of my punishment ! May my death be forgotten in the catalogue of thy crimes ! But I have committed a murder ! *[In a loud and fearful voice.]* A murder, of which on the Day of Judgment hope not to make me bear alone the burden!

Here

Here I solemnly throw upon thy soul the largest, the most hideous part ; how thou mayst clear thyself, be that thy care ! *[Leading him to Julia.]* Look here, barbarian ! Here feast thyself on the detested fruits of thy ambition ! Upon this face thy name is written in convulsions, and the characters shall be read by the destroying angel ! A form like this shall draw the curtains of thy bed when thou sleepest, and reach to thee her ice-cold hand ! A form like this shall flit before thy soul when thou diest, and chase away thy expiring prayer for mercy ! A form like this shall stand by thy grave when thou risest, and next to the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom ! Oh ! tremble ! tremble ! tremble ! *[He faints, the servants receive him in their arms.]*

COUNT. *[Wildly.]*

The poison prevails ! He dies ! *[Extending his arms towards heaven.]* Judge of the world ! Judge of the world ! Ask not these souls from me ! — *[Pointing to Warbeck.]* Here stands the real culprit ; let him account for them !

WARBECK. *[Starting.]*

Am I the culprit ? Must they be required from me ?

COUNT.

Monster, from thee ! From thee, accursed fiend ! Thine was the serpent's counsel ; be thine the vindication.

WARBECK.

WARBECK.

[*Laughing frightfully.*]

Mine! Mine! Oh! Excellent! Now I understand the gratitude of devils. Mine, thou dull villain? Was he *my* son? Was *I* thy master? Mine the vindication? Yes, by this fight which freezes the marrow in my bones, mine it shall be! I must be lost myself, but thou shalt perish with me. Away! Away! Shriek murder through the streets! Awaken Justice! Bind me, Officers! Bear me from hence! I will discover secrets whose bare relation shall make the hearer's blood run cold.

[*Going.*] [*Casimir begins to come to himself.*]COUNT. [*Detaining him.*]

Stay, madman! Thou dardest not execute thy threats.

WARBECK.

[*Seizing him by the band, and shaking it violently.*]

I dare, comrade, I dare! True, I am mad; my madness is thy work, and now shall my actions be a madman's! Come, murderer, come! Arm in arm with thee, will I to the bloody scaffold! Arm in arm with thee, will I to the darkest gloom of hell! Oh! It shall be my sport and pleasure, villain, to be damned with thee!

[*The Officers carry him off.*]

MUNSTER,

[*Who has lain upon Julia's corse in silent anguish,*
starts

starts suddenly up, and throws the purse before Casimir's feet.]

Poisoner, take back your accursed gold ! Gave you it to purchase my child's life ? Thou hast cheated me, villain ! Oh ! worlds were not equal to the price ! *[Rusbes distractedly from the chamber.]*

CASIMIR.

[In a voice scarcely audible.]

Follow him ! He is desperate. The gold must be taken care of for his use ; 'tis the dreadful acquittance of my debt to him.—Julia, Julia, I come ! Let me die upon that altar !—*[The domestics lay him by Julia's side, his head resting upon her bosom.]*

COUNT.

[Awakening from his stupor.]

Son ! Casimir !——Not one last look for a despairing father ?

CASIMIR.

My last must sue to God for mercy on myself.

COUNT.

[Falling before him in the most dreadful violence of despair.]

The Creator and the creature abandon me ! Casimir !——Not one last look to comfort me in the hour of death !——*[Casimir stretches out his trembling hand, grasps his father's, kisses it, points to heaven, and expires.]*

COUNT.

COUNT.

[Rising hastily.]

He forgave me ! He wished that we should meet
in heaven ! [To the Officers.] Lead on, Sirs !

I am your prisoner.

[Exeunt.]

THE END.



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